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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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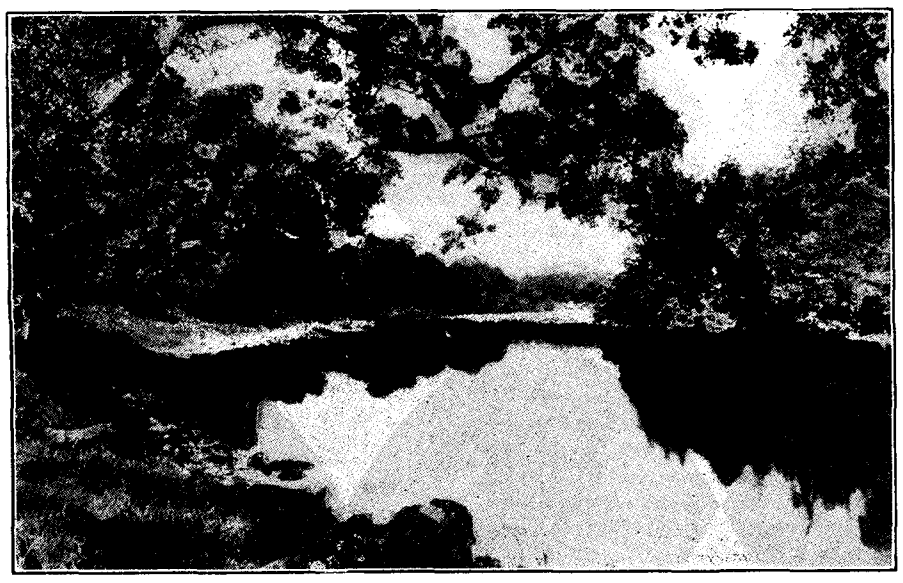

THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY.

An Old-Fashioned Essay

It was Wordsworth who, on the top of golden hours, rejoiced in "All my young affections out of doors." The line belongs to Spring, white dogwood ledges, violets in the meadow, rosy fists of new leaves on the oaks, orioles in the apple blossoms, thrushes and cat birds in the thickets. But Wordsworth's out of doors was not Grasmere or the Hawkshead country. It was London, the London of "The Prelude," that set his young affections tripping, the roaring streets, the theatres, the vaudeville at Sadler's Wells, the taverns, and the Lord Mayor himself—the plenitude of mere living pressed down and bubbling over into the foam of the shows of things.

Those who hate the city and all its works must yet consider the richness that comes by pressure. Add crowd to crowd, link street to street, increase by ten thousand contacts the tiny electric charge which passes between all that is human in proximity, and something happens in the mind. The heart of the brain beats more quickly. Those quick hypotheses with which we face all experience—What would I do? How shall I act?—are indefinitely multiplied until the intellect grows more flexible, less static. Thought is hurried, but so is intelligence, which becomes a revolving blade. New paths, we may suppose, are channeled in the brain. They *may be shallow*, but they are numerous.

City literature has always differed from country literature; it differs even more sharply now, but complexly, since it is written so often for country dwellers. There is an undignified haste to urbanize all through the country—indeed all through the civilized world. The congenital cockney is to be respected, but the small town New Yorkized is already a subject for satire, and so are minds glossed with urbanism by reading the guaranteed city-made products that are broadcast throughout the country by the newspapers and the magazines. This high-pressure journalism is first cousin to the snob advertisements which tell the country dweller that the proper cigarette is an entrée to Park Avenue. Both are cynically insincere, but the journalism is more successful than the advertising because it does not patently lie. It gives, at least, an illusion of a crowded, excited life.

But only a thin illusion. The true city books such as (in very different genres) Arnold Bennett's, John dos Passos's, Christopher Morley's, George S. Kaufman's, Frank Swinnerton's, and, to name great names, those of Balzac, Dickens, Zola, are not written to titillate the yokel, but come from an inner necessity, this same complex reaction from multiple contacts, this same heightened pressure of living. Charles Lamb is an instance of the genuine in city literature, in contrast to the cheap vivacity of the syndicated New York and London gossip columns or the "Now it can be told" of the magazines. His young affections were out of doors in Wordsworth's own day, and he points the moral of these remarks, which is that for depth and contemplation the country is best, and perhaps indispensable, but for shrewdness and quick perception, for wit and rich variety, for a merry bubbling over of the mind charged like mineral water with the sparkling elements of its own environment, there is nothing like the city. Character is more deeply handled by country writers, for character is cramped in its development by congestion, but personality is best shaped there. Browning was a city man, and may help the contention, for he was acute, various, shrewd, and sensitive to a million contacts; and it is his types and his character analyses, not his characters that live. His confident philosophy was vigorous not profound, like the bold, confident, and outspoken contentions of journalism. And true to his instinct, it was cities and the life of cities that he sought most eagerly in the past. Cellini, a typical city dweller, was his man rather than St. Francis.

Psychologists like the elder Haldane, who say that the mind cannot be defined,

(*Continued on next page*)

Sub Specie Aeternitatis

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

NO music can contain this
Hour snatched out of time, when to look up
To the clear arc
Is bodilessly to climb
The ridge-pole of heaven, swing through the blue tent,
So, burning with tall cold,
Exceed the bliss
Of marrying sound with sound.
Nor any wind
Stains the pure hush, breathes on
The brimming peace.
But to perfect
Silence,—
Single, gold, one leaf
Swerves to the ground,
And being gone, a crane
Like a slow arrow through the empty air
Moves truly,
Nor is ever seen again.

Den-Fil—Useful Knowledge*

By STELLA BENSON

I THINK I must have been asked to review the new edition of Everyman's Encyclopædia because I have never possessed—or even opened—any encyclopædia before. I might therefore be expected to approach such a work with a fresh—not to say completely new-laid—eye. I took away the volume called "Den-Fil" to read while crossing the Atlantic, because, handy though these eight light little volumes out of the twelve eventually to be issued are, the full number in a suitcase would be likely to cramp into too close quarters the necessary toothbrush and pyjamas. I chose "Den-Fil" because it included "Dog"—and anyway, "Den-Fil" is as likely to contain useful knowledge for a sea-voyage as is any other volume. Except that it does not include "Death." I noticed this because at "Euthanasia" I was told to "see Death," which (feeling increasingly seasick at the time) I tried to do. But the stern limitation "Den-Fil" hemmed me in. So I shall never get at the truth of this mystery called Death.

I do not know who owns encyclopædias (encyclopædiæ?); people who enjoy defining the limitations of human knowledge must revel in them, I suppose—for what are dates, comparisons, and captions but so many admissions that we know almost nothing at all of the essence of the matter itself? Look at Edward the Confessor, for instance—imagine poor Edward buying the encyclopædia in order to see what impression he had made on the world. "So nothing is left of me—after all my trouble," he would say.

> Nothing is left of this *me* feeling—this feeling of my heart fitting nonchalantly and comfortably into my flesh—this burning consciousness of importance—this tearing urge to be justified in my own eyes and in yours—this recurring hunger for food to sooth my dear stomach and for flattery to soothe my dear vanity. Of the lovely, dreadful, choking excitements of my life, you only remember the facts that affect *you*. They told me the soul was immortal. They were wrong. All of me is dead now—except the facts that I was my mother's son—my stepbrother's stepbrother—my England's king—my church's pet. You posterity—know me only as a dead man. But we're quits, really—we're equally dead. I may be dead to you, but you weren't born, to me. We're all dead—fit only for limbo—fit only for encyclopædiæ—books that recognize no *me* in dead or living men.

Of course Edward would be unfair here. Every one is unfair who makes the mistake of demanding that his very self shall survive in the words that trace the outer shape of his life. The feeling of being *me* is the most exciting feeling conceivable, I think—but it cannot be conveyed to any other *me*. *Me's* are all in airtight compartments. Encyclopædiæ do not deal in *me's*—why should they? If they did, they would run to millions of volumes instead of twelve—and nobody would read them, at that. They are designed to interpret to us those facts of external life which affect the external us. "Diderot"—"Electricity"—"Dreadnought"—"Entomology"—"Dredging Machine"—all these names, I suppose, stand for things that may affect my outside life to a greater or less degree. The fact that there is a town in India called "Edwardesabad" touches me less nearly, I confess—indeed I should scarcely have believed it had anybody but Mr. Everyman told me so. But "Dog" is to me a most vital word; it catches my eye in any context. I read every word about "Dog." "The Dog is a digitigrade, fissiped, with slender legs." So far is this definition from giving me a word picture of my own dear bulldog—Remington Portable Benson—that I actually feel aggrieved that the encyclopædia fails to tell me *how many* slender legs the digitigrade fissiped possesses. True, two photographs that anybody less omniscient than Mr. Everyman would suppose to represent foxes, illustrate the account—but these make my dear, thick-necked, slobber-mouthed Remington P. seem more irrelevant than ever. Nevertheless, after this "Everyman" warms to his work, and though it remains evident that he had no canine collaborator, he does not grudge words of approval in moderation. The canine *me*, of course, like Edward the Confessor's, is never hinted at, but this, as I pointed out before, is not to be expected. To the external Dog, as it affects the external lives of the readers of this book, "Everyman" is on the whole kind and even partial. Much more so than to the external "Dodo," on the previous page—to which "Everyman" seems to feel a subtly expresssed aversion. "As large as a turkey, of unwieldy build . . . wings useless for flight . . . bill . . . blackish in color, forming at the end a horny hook . . . the aborted keel also indicated its flightless condition. *Didus ineptus*," concludes "Everyman" spitefully—and illustrates his remarks with a picture of the most unmistakable idiot that ever squawked or wore feathers. *Aborted keel* is a perfect description of the tail depicted—yet there again one doubts whether the Dodo, any more than Edward the Confessor or Remington P. Benson,

* EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Revised Edition. Vol V. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. 12 vols. $30 a set.

This Week

"ADVENTURES OF A NOVELIST."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"CARLYLE."
Reviewed by KARL YOUNG.

"THE COMING OF SOUTH AMERICA."
Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING.

"LAUGHING IN THE JUNGLE."
Reviewed by HARRY W. LAIDLER.

"AS I SEE RELIGION."
Reviewed by P. W. WILSON.

"KING CHARLES II."
Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"BULLY HAYES."
Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE.

"JOBS, MACHINES, AND CAPITALISM."
Reviewed by EVE BURNS.

Next Week, or Later

"THE FOUNTAIN."
Reviewed by HENRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

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would feel that its precious *me* was fairly represented—even within the limits of encyclopædic information.

The style of the illustrations of "Everyman's Encyclopædia," by the way, brings me to my one criticism. (For to reproach the work because it ignores the *me* is no reproach—it is merely to emphasize its austerely encyclopædic quality.) The pictures seem to me surprisingly and unnecessarily old-world. I cannot understand why all books of reference should be illustrated in the manner of the 1870's. The portrait of the "Dodo"—an extinct bird—may be the more expressive for not being modernistic; the "Diplodocus," I suppose, has the same excuse—though I think that a little more friskiness—a more lamblike abandon—might have been suggested in the portrayal of the infant Diplodocus (youth being youth all the world over and in all ages)—but the "Elephant," "Ely Cathedral," the "Dormouse," "Drowning," the "Dhow," and *Felis Domesticus Angoræ*, surely, are still with us and could have been brought before us, I maintain, more vividly by the use of a more dashing twentieth century style. I take it upon myself to swear that the elephant has much more of a double chin, for instance, and the angora cat much less—than these creatures as portrayed in this work. Where do men of facts get the artists whose work adorns their compilations? There must be thousands of hard-up, young, modernistic illustrators who would be only too glad to produce new sketches of the marvels of nature and science. In this one matter, however, perhaps it is too much to ask that "Everyman" should be a pioneer—since his ideal is a truly attractive inexpensiveness of format, combined with conciseness and comprehensiveness of matter.

What is an elephant's double chin, after all,—compared with the intense suggestiveness of the fact (hitherto wholly unsuspected by me)—that a female invariably leads the herd, in the wild state? This information really does make a great ifference to my life. As a feminist I shall ote it widely. Eager for more of these couraging phenomena, I turned to ve"—and found "see Adam." My blood boiled. I cannot, of course, "see Adam," being confined to "Den-Fil"—but as an ex-suffragette I don't *want* to "see Adam." This is a very serious blot upon Mr. Everyman's otherwise worthy work. "See Adam," indeed!—Who had the apple idea, anyway? Whose find was the Tree of Knowledge? The Encyclopædia owes its very existence to Eve, who started the fashion of wanting to know things. "Eve"—"see Adam," forsooth! "Adam"—"see Eve" would be no more than a gracious acknowledgment of the encyclopædia's debt to its first (potential) reader.

Everyman has a chance—in the pages of "Den-Fil"—to write about himself. His account of the conception and creation of his universal library, though full of a mild, manly self-respect, is not as excitingly introspective as—say—an analysis of Stella Benson by me would be, were a scientific committee to implore me to write one. The truth is, I conclude on putting down "Den-Fil," that an encyclopædia does not seek to distinguish itself in the regions of wit, passion, psychological revelation, or originality. It is there to give cold information—chiefly on subjects that I have no wish to hear about. In other words on all practical subjects. For those who wish to be so informed—for those who are likely to feel a sudden necessity to know who discovered the "Eustachian Tube"—and where—; for those who find themselves enlightened on the subject of "Electricity" by 41 neat Figs. representing (apparently) railway signals, pig's-tails, flights of stairs seen in profile, cartwheels, Marcel waves, etc.; for those who like to startle their fishing friends by calling a Pike an "Esox"; and for those who are reassured by being told authoritatively that "Mrs. Elizabeth Draper's" association with Laurence Sterne never went beyond sentimental flirtation—for those, in fact, who want to know for certain how little they know, and how little any one else knows—this encyclopædia, in twelve volumes (among which, I can say confidently, *Den-Fil* is not the least racy), at a most modest price—should be invaluable.

Mrs. Atherton's Life

ADVENTURES OF A NOVELIST. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

A RECENT governmental report on social trends comments on the waning interest in the architecture of private houses and personal dwellings, that it is "largely due to an increase in mobility." Mrs. Atherton's life has been mobile enough to comment significantly on a government report. The number of places in which she lived for a few weeks or a few years was not wholly due to contemporary or personal restlessness. Her acquaintance with Washington, Butte (Montana), Athens (Greece), and several other localities came from the intention to plant a novel there. She seems to have perched or resided longest in the cities of San Francisco, New York, London, Munich, and Paris. She seems to have known, at least in the first three cities, nearly everyone who would ordinarily be called worth knowing; not only because she was a rising celebrity, but also because, apart from celebrity, she was herself so well worth knowing. She is outspoken to a point that most timid humanity is unable to attain. Both her likes and dislikes are positive and spicy, her swift portraits distinct and memorable.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

San Francisco is, and always was, a peculiar place. Mrs. Atherton's mother was born in New Orleans of northern ancestry; was married unwillingly to, and presently divorced from, one Horn, who was of Dutch ancestry and came from Connecticut. Her grandfather Franklin, a collateral of the great Benjamin, made and lost a fortune in New Orleans, and spent the rest of his life in California on a salary from a bank. She describes herself as a sudden, not to say ferocious, child. Successful careers are quite apt to begin that way. She married, suddenly, one of her mother's suitors (the son of a wealthy, patriarchal, half-Chilean family) and found marriage, and especially the patriarchal family, distinctly boring. Her husband finally sailed for Chile, died on the voyage, and was shipped home in a barrel of rum. San Francisco was that kind of a town. Its society came from everywhere. Poverty, riches, earthquakes, things probable and improbable, went with its temperament. She had already written a novel that caused a sensation, not to say scandal, in San Francisco, and now spread her wings for New York.

The New York critics were not "chivalric" to her new novel, "What Dreams May Come." One would have thought that so many years of success ought to have softened the memory of old resentments. But recollections unlit by resentments are the more pallid for the omission. One can easily forgive her for attributing slighting criticism to New York's jealousy of California, or quoting the flattering English reviews in rebuttal, or even for approving the opinion that "the average newspaper man is the lowest creature on earth." It is all part of the picture, hasty but natural. At the time, moreover, "Howells made all life seem commonplace, and I detested him. I think it a pity he ever lived, for he was a blight on American letters. He founded the school of the commonplace, and to any young writer who hated the commonplace, as I did, the Howells tradition was an almost insuperable obstacle." This is more accurate to Mrs. Atherton than to Howells, who was more an influenced than an influence. I have always thought he was something of a victim, that his fiction moved in a world of the commonplace because it moved in a world of superficial realism, and because it was under the banner of a doctrine that did not represent his temperament. The anti-romantic movement, or the school of the commonplace if you choose, began elsewhere and long before him. But there are commonplaces of romance, and it runs even more easily to the superficial. Mrs. Atherton's fiction deserved its success, no doubt, as much as most successful fiction, but it was hardly the right antidote to the Howells tradition, if there was any, which I doubt. If we grow so mobile as to have no homes, unrooted in any soil, we shall all grow superficial and hopelessly bored. Sir James Barrie is said to have said of Mr. Kipling that he would have known the world better if he had stayed at home and talked to his mother. "There are no uninteresting things," says Mr. Chesterton. "There are only uninteresting people." Main Street is as interesting as the high seas if you are interested. The surface interest of both things and people is not very lasting. Globe trotting is more commonplace than gardening as a lifelong pursuit. Mobility may be natural and all right enough for individuals here and there, but as the characteristic of a nation or a civilization it would look ominous. Mrs. Atherton's doctrine probably does represent her temperament, but that does not redeem her fiction from the commonplace of its species.

New York did not detain her long. She was presently in Paris assisting at the operatic début of Sybil Sanderson; then in London, meeting celebrities of all kinds; a few pages later in California again; and again in New York. There are almost no dates, but it does not matter. There are unforgettable portraits of Ambrose Bierce, Hilaire Belloc, Whistler, George Moore, Oscar Wilde. Several new novels are written. Next come longer residences in London and in Munich, with more portraits as frank as they are vivid.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Atherton's thirty or more volumes of fiction is comparatively meagre. None of them seems as likely as her autobiography to be of any permanent value, with the debatable exception of a novelistic biography of Hamilton called "The Conqueror." It must have been an early, if not the first, notable example of a type to which my reactions are as drastic as Mrs. Atherton's to the Howells novel. That before it was written Hamilton had been forgotten, and by it he was "raised from the dead," is not a very prosperous claim, but she is thinking perhaps mainly of his West Indian origins. To be more interested in his illegitimacy than in his report on the finances is one biographical point of view. Another is that, whereas the Report is of prime importance to the import of Hamilton, what the import of his illegitimacy may be is very dubious. It must have had some effect on his character, but there is no evidence and small ground for guessing.

Mrs. Atherton's rather hit or miss combativeness leads one to take exceptions. But in point of fact the chief feeling she arouses is admiration for a talent so versatile, a life so gallant and courageous.

An Old-Fashioned Essay

(*Continued from preceding page*)

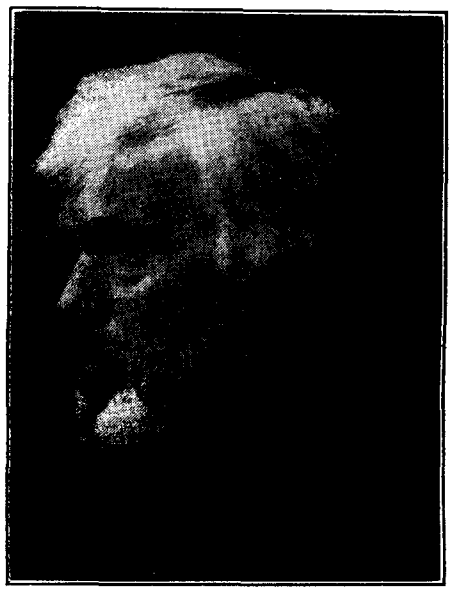
does not really exist, apart from its environment, are credible. Certainly the writer is conditioned by his contacts when he first turns his young affections out of doors. He feeds upon them as a unicellular animal upon water, and by some property in his organism turns his background into art. The query, where have you lived? is more important in literature then many readers guess. Tell me where you have lived, and I will tell you, not what you are, but what in all probability you can, or cannot do. There are dozens of writers now splashing along in the shallows of mediocrity who need most of all a change in address.

Man and Writer

CARLYLE. By EMERY NEFF. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by KARL YOUNG

PROFESSOR NEFF offers his brief and well-considered biography of Carlyle at a fortunate moment. With the war receding somewhat into the distance, we have less occasion for raging over Carlyle's Prussianism; and with our economic assurance thoroughly shaken, we can endure more humbly his scolding and prophecy. At few other times during recent decades, perhaps, should we have been so receptive to a quiet survey such as that in the volume before us. Such a biographical summary, moreover, has, just now, the advantage of drawing upon a challenging accumulation of new facts and fresh points of view: Wilson's five volumes of untidy narrative, Dyer's comprehensive bibliography, Miss Drew's sensitive portrait of Jane Welsh Carlyle, Lehman's analysis of the "hero," Dunn's defence of Froude, and Norwood Young's general depreciation of the master and his works. All these, and more, are reflected or mentioned in the present retelling of the familiar story.



THOMAS CARLYLE.
Reproduced from "Victorian Photographs," by Julia M. Cameron (Harcourt, Brace).

Professor Neff's general procedure is refreshingly simple, orderly, and unpretentious. Completely informed and balanced, he simply speaks right on, following the course of Carlyle's living, and noticing the writings as they came into being, without attempting to coax them into a scheme of general ideas. The novelty of the present biography, therefore, consists not in its conception or arrangement, but in its genuine reëxamination of the accumulated facts, and its new emphasis upon certain aspects of the literary background. Thus, for example, Carlyle's youthful wanderings in blind alleys in Edinburgh is illuminated by comment upon the intellectual eminence of that city at the time; and the sojourn at Craigenputtock is not only admirably sketched, but also freshened in our minds by references to the collapse in the book trade, by a touching letter from John Carlyle now first published, and by a keen new glance at Richter and Novalis.

The task of compressing Froude, Wilson, and a library of published letters into a short "life" is accomplished with courage and tact. The thoroughgoing condensation results in no shocking, and very few resented, omissions. The summary of the marriage negotiation, to be sure, seems hardly complete and solid without Carlyle's "I must not, and I cannot, live in a house of which I am not head"; and the timeworn episode of the burned manuscript loses some of its awesomeness without Carlyle's heroic first remark to his wife ("Well, Mill, poor fellow . . ."). In general, however, one's occasional sense of loss in detail gives way to a feeling of pleasure in the rapidity and deftness of the survey.

The analyses and estimates of the several works are incisive and ably abridged. "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution" are given a treatment which may

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be described, without derogation, as appropriate and familiar. I admire the brilliant comprehensiveness and precision of the page allowed to "Frederick." I applaud the courage which undertakes to present "the bare outline of Carlyle's argument" in "Past and Present," and I wish that Carlyle could have had that "bare outline" before him as a guide. I am grateful, in short, for the competent summaries of the writings themselves.

I must, however, quarrel with Professor Neff's pronouncement as to the nature of Carlyle's present and permanent significance. This permanency he appears still to find in Carlyle as prophet, in "his political thinking" which reaches in "Latter-Day Pamphlets" "its most brilliant development," in his "course of wise social reconstruction," in his "social synthesis." "The great public," we are told, "is listening to writers who say incompletely and imperfectly what Carlyle said with unparalleled brilliance and cogency." Thus Professor Neff feels cogency where most of us, I fear, suspect confusion. Carlyle's permanency, I had supposed, was achieved not in social criticism,—or in any other kind of criticism,—but in his unparalleled portrayal of the lives of men in the past. The present reviewer, in any case, will seek elsewhere for sociological instruction, and in reading "Past and Present" he will dwell only briefly with cash-nexus and Houndsditch, and will be captured for the fiftieth time by the irresistible exhibitions of Abbot Samson and a parcel of very human monks. In "The French Revolution" he will be unable to take with deep seriousness Carlyle's quite insufficient "synthesis," and will live with delightful terror among the wretched in the streets and prisons of Paris. In "Frederick" he will forget the lame and agonized reasonings, and will enjoy the humorousness evoked from certain well-known Prussians. Perhaps he will inspect oftenest that polished gem,—"a kind of Poem," —"The Diamond Necklace." I surmise that J. S. Mill put us on the right track when he remarked, somewhat too gruffly, "One continues to read his best things with little, if any, diminution of pleasure after one has ceased to learn anything from him."

Karl Young is professor of English at Yale University and an author.

The Other America

THE COMING OF SOUTH AMERICA. By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON. New York: John Day. 1932.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THE jacket announces that Mr. Norton's volume includes "no tables of statistics, no congestion of unimportant facts, no insignificant travel gossip, no attempt to cover Latin-America as a whole," but that it does include "a new interpretation of the psychology of the great nations of South America, an estimate of their trends of development, an examination of their relations with each other, and an evaluation of their relation with the United States."

This succintly sets forth the scope of this readable, up-to-the-minute, and popular account of changes brought about by recent political revolutions in South America, of the economic tendencies in its larger countries, and of their relations with the United States. So extensive a survey naturally cannot make for profundity. It is frankly journalistic. It might well be read as a complement to Mr. Waldo Frank's recent "America Hispana" which attempts a deeper, more mystical, and more abstruse penetration of the other America complex, which no one term (Latin-America, Ibero-America, Hispano-America) accurately describes. Contrasting viewpoints would be thus balanced. While naming no names, Mr. Norton's prevailingly kindly tone waxes a bit caustic on the subject of "intellectuals" in Latin-America, on their strictures of Uncle Sam, and "our own unleashed critics whose sayings the South American radicals love to quote to our undoing;" who, moreover, "are quick to return courtesy and quote their quoters to us as the 'voice of Latin America.'" Mr. Norton considers that "this mutual admiration and citation would be harmless if it did not tend to increase the distance between the majority of thinking people here and in the republics of the Southern continent."

On the subject of Latin-American loans Mr. Norton is more tolerant. He develops the thesis that there are in the United States "bankers and bankers," and contrasts the "parvenu bankers," whom the promised harvest of profit in the 'twenties brought into the international field, with "some of our more responsible banking houses," which "refused to have anything to do with the orgy of irresponsible money-lending." The divested American public would owe Mr. Norton a debt of gratitude if he would name them. Inspection of circulars offering the now defaulted Brazilian, Chilean, Peruvian, Bolivian, and other Latin-American government, state, city, and industrial bonds, discloses the participation of the entire galaxy of great banking houses in the American financial firmament. But as Mr. Norton puts it: "The American market for foreign bonds was avid and undiscriminating." And while he relates conscientiously how the "bankers" (who for this episode Mr. Norton hangs between quotation marks) solicited the loans, resorting even to bribery to secure them, and how not only have American investors lost some $1,300,000,000 of their money, but that the United States has earned much ill-will in Latin-America—he nevertheless takes exception to the criticisms made prior to the débâcle "by professional liberals," of these loans.

Now it is worthy of record that the outstanding example of such criticism, Margaret Marsh's "The Bankers in Bolivia," written in 1928, forecast the disaster as far as that country was concerned. There it was in black and white, for any investment counsel, banker, or bond salesman to read (and run). And that warning dealt only with the $24,000,000 1922 loan floated by the Equitable Trust, Halsey Stuart, J. & W. Seligman, Spencer Trask, Kissel, Kinnicutt, Hallgarten and Co., Cassatt and Co., Rollins and Sons—and others. Yet subsequently Dillon, Read and Company—and others—floated two more Bolivian loans for $23,000,000 and $14,000,000 respectively. It would seem therefore that American liberals, "professional" or otherwise, were a good deal sounder in their judgments than the conservatives, whose profession and business it was to protect, if not their investor-clients, at least their own reputations.

Mr. Norton's volume, while obviously straining for fairness and impartiality, reveals the bias, which, in one form or other, resides in nearly all of us. His is a temperate, well-mannered—and conventional —expression of his belief in the all 'round superiority of the U. S. A. He even sets out to prove it by a careful matching of the various elements of our culture and that of our Southern neighbors. Despite the financial fiasco he feels that American capital will soon be at it again, and that this "irresistible tide" will be beneficial to all concerned. Yet once in a while, perhaps unconsciously, he permits the suspicion that there may be a cat in the bag.

The American Scene

LAUGHING IN THE JUNGLE. By LOUIS ADAMIC. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY W. LAIDLER

IN the view of Louis Adamic, America has not as yet "arrived." It is still more of a jungle than a civilization, "a land of deep economic, spiritual, and intellectual chaos and distress," in which "by far the most precious possession a sensitive and intelligent person can have is an active sense of humor."

This view Adamic has reached as a result of fifteen years of adventure tinged with laughter in the United States following his arrival at Ellis Island as a young boy from the Balkans. Adamic's book throughout is a lively, refreshingly frank and accurate description of the American scene as viewed by the unprivileged foreigner who seeks a thrill or fame or fortune in America, and too often finds only confusion and frustration.

The story begins in a small village of Carniola, now a part of Jugoslavia, where Adamic was born. In this primitive, agricultural community the author spent his boyhood. He early learned of America and decided—to the great consternation of his parents—to migrate there.

A nationalistic student protest in which he took part and in which his best chum was killed led to his expulsion from the government school, to his relatives' decision to dedicate him to the priesthood, and, finally, to his insistent plea for a chance to try his luck in the American "jungle."

On arriving in New York, Adamic obtained a job on a Slovene newspaper, saw something of the radical movement, took part in the world war, and, on his return from the front, worked at odd jobs from New York to San Pedro, finally breaking into the magazine field.

In telling of these experiences, the author gives the reader a view of the tragic difficulties encountered by many of our foreign born in getting a foothold in our economic life. He uncovers much of the sham in our national life and has a good laugh at our political and spiritual immaturity. His description of the confusion of voices among the realtors and psychic practitioners of Southern California stands as exhibit A of that immaturity.

While threading his way through the American jungle, Adamic came into contact with a number of personalities which symbolized to him certain significant aspects of America. There was Steve Radin, a Slovene like himself, in rapid succession prize-fighter, radical, Tammany politician, embryonic movie actor who wished to play Napoleon, and bootlegger; Captain Blakelock and Sergeant Koska, army misfits with superior brains; Lonie Burton, who entered the war for democracy and, on his return, was bludgeoned for agitating for a labor union, and Jack Kipps, the "assassin" of Woodrow Wilson. Kipps's tale of Seattle's reception of Wilson on the President's last trip around the country and of the pathetic figure made by Wilson before the delegation of the "wobblies" of the Northwest constitutes one of the most brilliant descriptive pieces in the book.

The fifteen years of living, reading, and reflection left Adamic a sympathizer with the underdog, but not an active participant in his battles. Early in his career Adamic discovered Mencken, and became deeply tinged with the Menckenite philosophy. He became critical of the "bunk" and the "bla" in American life, but he became convinced that it was not worth while for him to lose his head in opposing it. He met agitators—many of them—jailed or battered into unconsciousness leading a strike. He saw no immediate gain from their sacrifice and, after all, he philosophized, can anything be expected from democracy? The pictures he gives, however, of the futility of labor leaders, tell only part of the story.

"Laughing in the Jungle" leaves out much of America. On the other hand, it portrays a side of the country which many smug native sons are utterly unaware of. For that reason, if for no other, the first autobiography of this promising American writer constitutes a most welcome addition to our social literature.

WOBBLIES RESTING.
From an etching by Julius Komjáti reproduced in "Fine Prints of the Year, 1931" (Minton, Balch).

A Benevolent Incendiary

AS I SEE RELIGION. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by P. W. WILSON

ON "the younger generation," Dr. Fosdick writes as an expert. He hears their confessions, he faces their perplexities, and they listen to his discourses.

The precocious parishioners are kittle-cattle to deal with. "One cannot sell them," writes Dr. Fosdick, "a foregone conclusion any more"—"the whole idea of supernatural dictation has petered out." The command—"thou shalt not commit adultery"—may be "excellent morals":

> This generation, however, will walk around the idea, look it over, size it up, watch its consequences, listen to anyone from Bertrand Russell to Bishop Manning, and decide; but one thing this generation will not do is to accept even that command on supernatural authority.

Whether any individual is qualified thus to speak for "this generation" may be no more than a passing demurrer. Let it be agreed that youth imitates the Emperor of China who, desiring that all knowledge should start with his reign, ordered his clergy to burn their books. As a benevolent incendiary, Dr. Fosdick enjoys the bonfire. To him, organized religion is a "potpourri" or "salmagundi" and, to quote a famous Alician,

> If only this were cleared away,
> He said it would be grand.

He is grateful to the seven maids of science with their seven mops who, "calcined old fables and cleaned up a mess of rubbish in religious tradition." There is "no such thing as a true Church" and "the most hopeful thing about any system of theology is that it will not last." We are assured that "all the superficial elements of orthodox Christianity" are to be "paralleled in non-Christian faiths." Among the "superficial elements," we are to include an "inspired" Bible, miracles, "the deification and worship of the religion's founder," his "miraculous birth" and physical resurrection, the expectation of his return, and a doctrine like regeneration by faith.

Wherever an Arius emerges, there will arise an Athenasius to add anathemas to his sevenfold amens. But, in this case, some of the heresies perpetrated by Arius seem to be, in Dr. Fosdick's word, "strategic." When General Booth wanted a crowd, he beat the drum, rattled the tambourine, and refused to allow the devil to monopolize the best tunes. Harry Emerson Fosdick sees no reason why all the tomtoms of "truth" should be beaten by Harry Elmer Barnes. Preachers as well as professors can dance the war-dance of denial.

It is thus as a theologian *in partibus* that Dr. Fosdick is to be judged. Not on the inner citadel does the Christian soldier stand sentry. He is in the trenches,

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and in fighting the good fight of faith against beasts at Ephesus—the redoubtable Krutch, the diabolical Dreiser, and the sardonic Mencken—the sword of the crusader flashes snicker-snack. The influence of Dr. Fosdick over those who dissent from some of his dicta, lies in his virile championship of man against all who would belittle man's dignity.

Happily, he has the advantage of situation. It is from the summit of a lofty tower that the pastor pastorum can, as he puts it, "see religion." He looks down on other ecclesiastical institutions less fortunately altitudinous. "The ethical ideas of the Churches as a whole," he declares, "are narrow and negative," nor has he any use for "religious rotarians with new methods of salesmanship." He finds that "preachers have become too commonly crooners,"

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

indulging in "too much flute and too little trumpet," while "modern Christianity has taken on pink flesh and lost strong bone." He notes "a rising impatience with glorified lecture halls, sermon-ridden Sunday mornings in which worship is only 'opening exercises,' trashy hymns, anthems bawled from the latest millinery, and casual prayers through which the minister strolls into the presence of the Almighty with indecent carelessness." So, with indiscriminate panegyric, rings the carillon of clerical comradeship.

It is announced that the view from the tower along the Hudson River is thirty miles. It is a broad view. But the world is wider even than that; and as a preacher, with the telescope to his eye, Dr. Fosdick is in the position of scrutinizing one point only of the compass at any given moment. He states the point with irresistible clarity. But it is perilous to collect such utterances and include them in the same volume. Sometimes, comparing page with page, we find that the telescope shows no less clearly a point in a direction precisely opposite.

"Buddhism," we read, "has profound and distinctive sources and has pursued a historic course of development, rich in peculiar associations and meanings." If the appeal to antiquity is worth while for the Buddhist, why is it to be obsolete for the Christian? To be liberal in New York and conservative in Tokio is to invite the deadly parallel.

"Nothing in human life, least of all in religion," writes Dr. Fosdick, "is ever right until it is beautiful," and so great is his anguish over "esthetic starvation" that he says

> For a long time now religion has been so absorbed in adjusting itself to science and to the new social life created by its inventions that conscious concern about beauty has been practically nil.

It is startling that, on the centenary of the Oxford Movement, the only comment on "conscious concern about beauty" should be "practically nil." Was not religion associated with the pre-Raphaelite in painting, with a magnificent outpouring of musical expression, with a definite and now classic school of literature, and with an architecture of which five cathedrals, Truro, Westminster, Liverpool, New York, and Washington rank with the greatest?

"The lamp of beauty," as Ruskin called it, sheds a penetrating light. Without certain beliefs, a Church like Riverside Church, may borrow beauty from churches that retain those beliefs. But unless we believe, can we initiate such beauty? Not a vault, not a buttress that echoes with Dr. Fosdick's dismissals of the supernatural would have been designed had not generations of men believed in the supernatural. Not a window that sheds a glorious glow upon his wondering congregation but owes its radiance to the beatific visions that, in his opinion, ended with eras other than our own. The chisel that carved the face of Einstein on the modernist portal was guided by the minds of monks. The bells that ring over Grant's tomb would never have been cast if our forefathers had doubted the angels of Bethlehem.

Religion, we are assured, does not mean "an orthodox system of theology" but a "psychological experience." It was the view of Paul, of Luther, of Calvin, of Loyola, and of Dr. Straton. It is the view of Dr. Buchman. Personal experience is inherent in the meaning of all the distinctively evangelical terms, repentance, conversion, consecration, and, indeed, of backsliding and damnation. Catholics and Protestants, Modernists and Fundamentalists are agreed that religion is personal or nothing.

But is it enough to say that religion is personal? Does the word "psychological" add anything to the discussion save extra syllables? It is when we pass from page 4 to page 121 that we encounter the real problem. "The egocentric nature of much popular religion," says Dr. Fosdick, "is appalling," and he instances the chorus, "Oh that will be, Glory for me." How then is the appalling egocentricity to be held in check? At once, we are led on that field of dogma and discipline which Dr. Fosdick had invited us to leave behind. Good or bad, creeds as the judgment of the community, like laws as the expressed will of the nation, bring to bear on the individual an experience and a wisdom—or a folly—greater than his own.

Dr. Fosdick recollects with uneasiness a little book, "Peep of Day," which we also used to read. It said that God will bind the sinners in chains and put them in a lake of fire. In justice, it should be added that this lurid image is reserved alone for those who refuse to love a God of love and that even they are offered full, free, and immediate pardon.

What is Dr. Fosdick's eschatology? How does he deal with people, whether they love or not? He promulgates and enlarges on "the law-abiding nature of the universe that will not vary its procedure to save any one." We do not remember ever to have read a declaration more pitiless. On man's quivering limbs it clamps forever the welded fetters of Islamic Kismet and Calvinist predestination.

Does Dr. Fosdick believe it? Of course not. He devotes other pages to demolishing such "mechanistic" ideas, and in one of his admirable antitheses, tells us that a religion, needing to be saved, is "senile," that "our real task is to achieve a religion which saves people." If, then, the law of nature "will not vary its procedure to save anyone," the religion which we are to "achieve"—how is not stated—must be the very thing that Dr. Fosdick denounces, namely supernatural.

From Dr. Fosdick, therefore, fundamentalism, though much annoyed, has little to fear. His head may be on the top of the tower but his heart is in the right place. With the most human, unselfish, and companionable of peripatetic philosophers—like youth and the seventh Commandment—we walk round a little. It is an ever pleasant pilgrimage. But in the forest, the trail that we blaze instinctively is a circle and we end where we started. Amid all the sound of wind in the trees, we still hear the eternal overtones of the inevitable orthodoxologies.

A library recently presented to the Selly Oak Colleges, Birmingham, England, is notable because it will house the great collection of Oriental MSS. known as the Mingana Collection, gathered together in the East by Dr. A. Mingana, formerly of the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

The Merry Monarch

KING CHARLES II. By ARTHUR BRYANT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

OF all the kings and captains who have played their part in English history, there is probably none who has captivated the imagination more than that sovereign who —chiefly for his sins—has been called the Merry Monarch. Nor is there one whose biography has been, until now, more serious reading. The life by Mr. Airy, with all its undoubted merits, is little short of dull. Its predecessors have, for the most part, reached, where they have not overpassed, that quality. Now, at long last, we have a life which, whatever its other qualities, is, at least, not tiresome. It is indeed, very much the reverse. It is entertaining, lively, and eminently readable. It partakes, in consequence, of the better qualities of its subject, and, among other things, reveals in no small measure why, in spite of his

CHARLES II

less attractive characteristics, Charles the Second was so esteemed by his people.

All this despite the fact that it is "scholarly." There seems to be little of the literature relating to his subject that Mr. Bryant has not read—and if his reading has not gone far beyond the British Isles, if his bibliography, however extensive, is such as would make angelic bibliographers weep at its arrangement, that does not detract from the value and interest of his narrative, nor from the pleasure and profit of his readers; for bibliographies and references are not for readers, and are relegated to the end of the volume where they may be, and almost certainly are, ignored by the multitudes who have been amused and edified by his story. Yet they are there, and one must pay a heartfelt tribute to an author, who, with such an entertaining gift of style and such a talent for biography, has not succumbed to the temptation to allow his imagination to do duty for investigation, and has been honest enough to permit his readers to test his authorities for themselves, if they are so inclined. In the light of so much which has recently passed for biography, Mr. Bryant's volume is a blessed relief to old-fashioned folk who like to think there is some basis in fact for brilliant narrative. That, at least, makes his book notable, and gives some hope for the future of biography, concerning which there has of late been reason to despair. For he has made it evident that it is possible to write a life which is at once "scholarly" and "true."

But it has another quality of some importance to the world of scholarship. It has now been some thirty years since Mr. Airy wrote his life of Charles II. It has been much longer since the Master of Peterhouse contributed his admirable sketch of that monarch to the "Dictionary of National Biography"; and it has been nearly a century and three-quarters since Harris penned his account, "after the manner of Mr. Bayle." This last was a long and searching indictment of the Merry Monarch, and not until now has that indictment been answered so fully. It is, in effect, a plea of confession and avoidance. Accepting the principle that the King's morals were the business of no one but himself; that his mistresses and his French pension were excusable, the one in accordance with the standards of the time, the other necessary to preserve the state, one can find little fault with it. Those are, indeed, large concessions; they are, at bottom, the whole cause of the dispute as to the character and policy of Charles. Admitting them, he must take high place among the English kings; denying them, the case is dubious.

This much one must admit. Few rulers have ever had a more difficult part to play; few have played that part with more of personal success; and fewer still have left such a romantic impress upon history. Yet the full story of his reign remains to be written. It is an obscure—if not, indeed, a shady—spot in modern English history, between the brilliant light that has been shed on the two revolutionary periods on either side. It has been written largely, as it still is in Mr. Bryant's entertaining book, from the side of the court, and diplomatic documents. That side has now been done, fully, completely, and attractively. The other side remains. Whatever judgment one may pass on the problem of Charles II as between Harris and Bryant there remains the problem of England as a whole. To that problem Mr. Bryant gives, in passing, one answer. He challenges for the first time and in an admirable spirit the legend of Shaftesbury and his merry men; and for that one is grateful. And if—and when—the story of the rest of England, outside the court and the Green Ribbon Club, comes to be written in a sober and impartial spirit, we shall be the more grateful even than we are to Mr. Bryant for putting the King's case as strongly as he has.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott, professor of history at Harvard University, is one of the best authorities in this country on English history, and the author of a number of historical studies.

Beatrice Kean Seymour, whose new novel is called "Maids and Mistresses," is reported to have said that she always intended to take up writing as a career, and that before she was fourteen she had read all Dickens and Thackeray and a good deal of Hardy. She studied literature at King's College under Sir Israel Gollancz. Her first novel, "Invisible Tides," appeared in 1919.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

A PLANNED SOCIETY. By GEORGE SOULE. *Macmillan.*

A reasoned and lucid discussion of economic planning.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. By CATHERINE MACDONALD MACLEAN. (*Viking*).

A portrayal of Wordsworth's sister with much lively comment on the poet and his friends.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *Modern Library.*

An edition of the powerful recent novel with an introduction by Ford Madox Ford.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XIX. CONVENTION

AT one of the annual booksellers' conventions, held in New York many years later, Hubbard met Mrs. Beaton and drew her on to talk of the days when Richard sold Detroit. It was what the trade remembers as the Depression Convention: instead of the traditional four days of sightseeing, hullabaloo, and exhaustion, the program had been cut down to two days of serious argument and only one social event, the "banquet." The famous phrase of independence, "I can Take It, or I can Let It Alone," was originally said about Liquor, but the public had evidently learned that the doctrine can be applied to Literature also. Customers were showing a deplorable majority for the second alternative.

"Some fiend in human form," remarked Sam Erskine, "has been spreading the idea that books don't have to be bought, they can also be borrowed." In other words, the overcrowded book business—though far less badly hurt than many others—was having a little painful sense hammered into it. What had been a wide and shallow stream, loitering gaily in the sun, found itself pouring darkly through the granite canyon of Economic Law. Both booksellers and publishers had the jitters, a form of neuralgia that all men feel on first encountering a law that nothing can repeal.

Consequently the business meetings had been even a little more acrimonious than usual. Each party engaged in the good old human search to find some way of making the other one admit the guilt for their joint errors. Things were said more vigorously than they were meant. Publisher and bookseller, as inextricably interwoven in their functions as husband and wife, exercise the connubial privilege of endless retort. Then came the banquet, and both sides breathed a sigh of relief, tacitly agreed to forget their grievances—the more so because at this festival they are annually twitted by their mutual perplexity, the author. It was a smaller gathering than usual, but a delightful one. The book trade is compensated for the exceptional homeliness of most authors by the comeliness of its females. Lady booksellers, in their gayest tiffanies, were charmingly apparent. Little Bessie Beaton, swathed in black fluff, floated in the dance with Hubbard. Her lovely white head was beneath the biographer's chin; her eyebrows also were white now, but no slippers ever slid the polished floors of Statler more lightly. As they danced, and he spoke of Richard, she remembered that old meeting of the Book and Stationery Group, seventeen years before.

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Hubbard enjoyed the evening; it was not so violently carnival as conventions in the flush decade. (Grievous to think how soon even this troubled Now will be idealized as the Good Old Times.) There was an undercurrent of sobriety; some chance for real talk. He sat at the Erskine table with several of his former associates. Sam Erskine remarked that in the prosperous times the sales department's appropriation for heyday at the convention had been a thousand dollars. "This year," he said, "it's a hundred."

Yes, they used to shoot the works while they had them. In whatever city the convention was held, the Erskine suite at the hotel was social headquarters. Delightful panorama, never to be forgotten by those who had enjoyed it. Regardless of dour official agenda, the cheerier anarchs of the trade would gather at all hours in those plushy hotel chambers to enjoy publisher's cellarage, Room Service, parlor games, and argument on the niceties of commerce. In an adjoining apartment a brace of wives, exhausted by devotions to duty, slept the afternoon away. Wardrobe trunks and dressing tables were foamed and trinketed with the rich apparatus of publishers' womenfolks. On the sitting-room settee snored in peace a prostrate author who had rashly matched his staying power against the Erskineers. While Sam Erskine was out playing golf, his room was occupied by a Bible salesman leading a chorus of Middle-Western booksellers in sea chanteys. The Dobson Company's representative was taking a bath in Sam Erskine's tub; he had wagered to provide beer for the syndicate, and his own bath was filled with bottles and ice. In the haze of tobacco and to the jingle of trays borne down the hall, the Erskine gang would sit to bridge or poker. Even the Southern trade, reared on that soul-shattering philtre corn whiskey, did not often ride down that hardy crew. I suppose it sounds unliterary, if you have rigid preconceptions; yet there was more than mere animal frolic in those old-time conventions. They sometimes gave the accounting department the horrors, but they cemented strong and humorous friendships in the trade and begot many a stroke of business. Old Joe Erskine, the boss, was shrewd enough to stay away, so as not to embarrass the boys. Daisy had less sense. Once when she returned from belaboring the College Bookstore meeting on the Potential Sales of Poetry she found a valuable reprint salesman asleep in her room. She complained to Sam, who retorted that their account with Godwin & Dawes was more valuable to them than her feelings. She said she was insulted. "If you don't like the publishing business," said her brother-in-law, "you've always got something nice to fall back on."—They were often rather Elizabethan, these bibliophiles.

Hubbard remembered hearsay of these doings; he also remembered—but did not remind Sam, since Daisy was at the table—the story of Sam's old habit, at conventions, of sleeping on the bathroom floor. Some excess of calories in Sam's physique caused a fierce rise in body temperature under stress. Always, after a few highballs and a few dances with important customers, he radiated a perceptible glow. The fiery particle of his salesmanship genius flickered in his warm arteries like the spark in a Burmese ruby; the stiffest bosom of starched shirt went limp and sodden by midnight. Positive waves of heat ejaculated from him: you could feel the simmer right through the cloth of his coat. Many a lady felt long imprinted, on the so-called small of her back, the scorching afterglow of his large palm. When this thermal phenomenon became unbearable to him, it was Sam's habit to tear off everything and sleep soundly on the chill white tiles of the hotel bathroom. George Work and Gene Vogelsang averred that once, after an exceptionally brisk evening on the dance floor, Sam couched upon tiles that were moist. There rose a hissing and light puffs of steam.

But that was in an era now past. This particular convention was agreeably decorous. There were still the bottles of ginger ale and gas-water served up to the Erskine suite—those bottles with the hotel's demure tags on their necks: *The contents of this bottle is sold to you with the understanding that it will not be mixed or used with any alcoholic content liquor.* And there was a bowl of cubed ice and plenty of tall tumblers; but to the dismay of salesmen from other houses who dropped in, Sam Erskine now seemed to take these tags seriously. "A convention," remarked a visiting Erskine author, "without benefit of orgy." He was quoting from one of his own books, which an author can usually do undetected by his publisher. Indeed, the Erskine troupe were so pious in demeanor that rivals were alarmed and suspected some list-raiding might be under way. (The abduction of a writer on the list of some other house.) When one of Dill's best novelists, a new find that season, innocently crossed the room to visit the Erskine table, a humorist nearby called in mock warning to the Dill salesman, "Cheese it, there goes your Fall list." Young Mr. Dill, looking quite wan, made haste to round up the straying maverick. It was really the presence of Daisy Erskine that frightened other publishers. Daisy's hair of brief rippled brass, her agate eyes, her large resources of white skin, were peculiarly impressive to those who knew her slightly. Like a good advertisement, she had plenty of white space; unfortunately this was both mental and physical. Her strong effusion of ambergris and Park Avenue patter lured many young authors to tea, and alarmed other publishers because (they said) first she passed around caviar, then cocktails, and then contracts. But the Erskines themselves had most reason to be alarmed. They avenged themselves on poor T. Bannister Erskine (Daisy's husband, and the most innocent of the family) by keeping him in the Mail Order department.

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So there was plenty of fun at the dinner: the customary japes about the gold watch always presented to the retiring president; the jocose interruptions of the president by those whose humor works best when someone else is talking. There was a charming gallantry in seeing all these people dressed up, anxieties set aside for the while. Hubbard watched groups coming in late, looking for their tables in the large ball-room, the ladies gay with color like new novels, the men as uniform as subscription sets. It was pleasant to think of them taking their pretty things from fragrant cupboards or drawers, the various travelling, bathing, shaving, cold creaming that must have preceded this cheerful scene. He imagined the rustle of lingerie, the silken stretch of stockings, the popping of studs in crisp shirt-fronts, the many nimble torsions of black bow-ties. How many times had Richard also gone through this genial vaudeville? Under this rolling sea of chaff and chatter there must lie—corroded perhaps—unguessed and unattainable memories of the elusive personality Hubbard sought. Richard, in his decent black and white, had sat at similar tables, and like these others carrying what unsolved questions in his head? What jokes or speeches had rustled across those forgotten meetings, what ludicrous glimpses, evasions, or flashes of desire? These very people at his table could tell him much, but he knew not how to ask. Contemplating the queer purpose he had set himself, he realized why many modern writers had abandoned the old sequences of direct narrative; had abandoned logic, tinkered with prim typography, fractured even grammar and punctuation in their struggle to express the unresting mind. In the mind all times and moods are tangled up together. Was the crude succession of events really so important? This dinner, and the sight of gay little Bessie Beaton down a vista of bright shoulders, was begetting for him some vision of another evening many years before. How grandly homogeneous is the universe: while novelists were trying to suggest the freaks of consciousness, scientists in their vaster realm were guessing the same thing. Which more important, to split the Atom or to split the Idea? Why be so startled at the thought that Space is curved? Thought, too, is curved, returns upon itself, occupies many places at once. Is the Atom a little solar system? So is each Idea, a microcosm of its thinker's own identity. The noble human mind, in whose sight eternity is but a day.

So he thought, and suddenly felt enormously tired. At that moment the nobility of the human mind was regaling itself with some excellent chaff at the expense of the booksellers, uttered by one of the authors who were guests of honor. The publishers were all cackling, unaware that the speaker was about to lance their swellings also. Sam Erskine, sitting next to Hubbard, whispered in his ear. "Is he Scotch?" Hubbard interpreted it, and supposed Sam was asking about the orator.

He came back from meditation with a jolt.

"I don't know—he might be—he's got a sense of humor," he replied.

"Scotch?" repeated Sam.

Hubbard, a little annoyed, again tried to whisper politely.

"He may have some Scotch blood in him, I don't know."

"Idiot, I'm asking if you want some Scotch," insisted Sam. Hubbard now saw that his host had produced a silver flask and was holding it under the table-cloth.

"Grand," he said, and held a glass. It was just what he needed. Scotch that had been riding on Sam's hip was really a form of hot toddy.

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After dinner and a little dancing Sam suggested to Bessie that she come up and join the others in the Erskine reservation upstairs. "Just a nice little crowd," he said; "we'll sit around and chew the fat."

"Sure," she said, smiling at him from the grasp of a rival publisher. "As soon as I dance a little more discount out of this big stiff."

"It'll be a marathon then," Sam retorted. "Well, see you at One Thirty."

"I hope that's time, not just room number." Forty years of bookselling had not dimmed Bessie's keen gusto for small comedy. There were many leaves in the book of life she had not cut, but she had an acute idea of the general drift of the story.

"Jake with me either way," said Sam.

130 was a room number, but Bessie didn't go. Not if Daisy's up there, she explained to Hubbard later. That was how she and Hubbard sat out a long talk together, and he learned several things we need to know.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Nature Writer

THE MEN OF THE LAST FRONTIER. By GREY OWL. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $3.50.

GREY OWL is beginning to receive deserved attention as a conservationist and nature writer. He has a broad base to build on. His mother was an Apache Indian of New Mexico, his father a Scot. After hunting in many climates and warring in France, he returned to trap and guide in Canada and was adopted by the Ojibways. Little by little the destruction of wild life assailed a maturing sensitiveness. He became a fire ranger and occasional writings of the life around him found their way to obscure publications. Their sincerity and charm were discovered. And now Grey Owl, installed by the Canadian Government at Riding Mountain National Park to foster the beaver, has written this book.

It tells of the life north of civilization in the forest belt that crosses Canada. Grey Owl calls it the Land of Shadows. His chapters on the trail, the still hunt, and the fall of the leaf stab the memories of us who have been in his country. There is first hand power in "On Being Lost." His main study, however, is the beaver. It is they who have adopted Grey Owl. They are his dog and cat, and he is possibly the first man to reveal their friendliness and childlikeness.

When you consider how much of this author's time has been spent in the bush and away from everything a modern writer thinks he needs, the high level of his writing is amazing. To observe is one thing, to communicate is quite another, and to feel is still another. Grey Owl does not always skirt the muskegs of sentimentality lying in wait for the nature writer. But if he is as sound as his pages seem, he will not be carried away by easiness and popularity.

Travellers going through the Panama Canal from Atlantic to Pacific have frequently remarked their astonishment at finding that in this transit they pass from West toward East. (Examination of the Erskine Atlas will confirm this.) Similarly, reflected the philosophic Hubbard, voyages in the important canal of matrimony are sometimes startled to find themselves navigating by paradox. It is not always by obvious courses that one reaches the ocean of Peace.

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FACT AND SOME FICTION

Compleat Adventurer

BULLY HAYES, SOUTH SEA PIRATE. By BASIL LUBBOCK. Boston: Charles E. Lauriat Company. 1932. $6.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

IT is not easy to find the proper label for Mr. William Henry Hayes, American shipmaster of 1850-77, whose doings at sea and on shore are recorded in this handsome volume. Mr. Lubbock names him South Sea Pirate in the subtitle. It is clear that he was all that, but piracy was probably the least of his many torts. Born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1829, he took his pass from the hand of an outraged seaman in 1877. Be it noted that he would be twenty in '49: in the first chapter of this book we read that he lost an ear at the card table aboard ship in San Francisco harbor at that date. His subsequent adventures are those of a man to whom the loss of an ear was no serious discipline—or handicap.

Ship stealing, black-birding (the kidnapping of natives in the Islands), paying his dues with the tops'l sheets, pearl poaching on occasion, he followed the almost normal course of a seafaring adventurer of his times. That he became elevated above his fellow shipmasters in the South Sea "trade" by record of his unlawful doings is doubtless due to his inordinate vanity. While less personable narrators would ply the "trade" furtively (and with caution in respect of advertisement), remitting the gains of it to some quiet seaport in the homeland as provision for a not undignified retirement, Hays would sport his handsome presence as soon as he set foot on land—with the understandable reaction among the males of the seaport herd. I confess to a liking for the blackguard, as Mr. Lubbock has, although he shows it in his print with some reserve. I am inclined to take much of the serious indictment contained in this biography of a remarkable seaman with a grain or two of salt, despite the great pains that the author has been at to document each stirring episode. Hayes had his own way of enjoying the fleshpots in solatium for the complete severance from communal comfort that is the lot of people who do business in great waters.

Business in great waters was not then the schedule of a holiday cruise. A strong hand was needed, and the "Bully" tradition of square sail is understandable if one considers that it was nothing more than an effort to get necessary and often vital things done by the only means at hand. If, on land, workers fail to come up to the required degree of craftsmanship, there is nothing easier than to dismiss the inexpert and engage other candidates: life and property are not often menaced by the engagement of an incompetent. At sea, in the days when Hayes held command, it was different. Replacement was out of the question at that distance from the boarding-houses on the Front. If John Easy, who swaggered so much in the Shipping Office, proved under trial to be an impostor, incapable of doing the duties to which he had set his mark, he had at least eyes and hands and feet, and the best would have to be made of him if the ship was to reach her port. He would be taught quickly his duty to hand and reef and steer. Quickly. There would be hard methods employed. And so—the "Bully" tradition.

Naturally, this employment of "the only means at hand" was not without effect on the character of the employer. If he was big and strong and handsome—as Hayes was—he carried the tactics that had proved good at sea into his relations with longshore people. To what effect one must read this excellent biography to learn.

Mr. Basil Lubbock is well qualified to follow the devious track of Hayes navigations and the course of his adventures ashore. A considerable shelf in any library of seafaring interest must be occupied by the many books he has written on sea life and the sailing ships of the nineteenth century. In all these he has been careful and competent, and the examination of ship records and log books requires an uncommon knowledge if they are to be presented understandably in book form. Here, he combines the editorial style with his earlier manner, the manner of his first book, "Round the Horn before the Mast," and the result is wholly good.

The Lauriat Company have courage and good taste in their selection of handsome imports, and, of course, everyone knows that Maclehose of Glasgow are the best printers in Scotland.

Another Panacea

JOBS, MACHINES, AND CAPITALISM. By ARTHUR DAHLBERG. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by E. M. BURNS

MOST of the single causes that have been held responsible for the plight of our tottering world—the inequality of incomes, the failure of production to keep pace with consumption, the displacement of workers by machines—find a place in Mr. Dahlberg's argument that the evils of capitalism are "basically rooted in the public's failure to appreciably shorten the hours of labor while labor saving machinery was being injected."

The principal effect of increases in productivity is to enhance profits and thereby the incomes of the already satiated rich, who will not increase their expenditure until they can be inveigled into wanting new or ever more highly elaborated commodities. In the interval, however, unemployment will occur. The only way to ensure that income will be spent as it accrues is to distribute more to the poorer classes whose "spontaneous wants" are not fully satisfied. Mr. Dahlberg has his own plan for bringing about this change. He would limit by law the length of the working day as labor saving devices occur, in the hope of improving labor's bargaining power, raising wages, and preventing an increase in profits. To the objection that employers will offer only half as much wages for half as much work Mr. Dahlberg replies that, although they may in the first week or so, they will not continue in this policy because workers, drawing on their past savings, will continue at first to spend at almost their old rate. Very soon the employers will therefore face a demand for their products greater than their current output. Forced to offer higher wages to attract more workers, they will increase purchasing power, and this cumulative process will continue until the whole of the unemployed and those previously engaged in advertising and unnecessarily elaborating products will be absorbed in "productive" employment.

Every point in Mr. Dahlberg's argument suggests a doubt. Why should not employers reduce prices in the hope of increasing sales when new inventions cheapen production? His answer that competition is imperfect proves only that small reductions in price are often ineffectual and fails to account for the great cheapening of manufactured commodities which has brought so many former luxuries within the economic reach of wage earners. Does present experience support the suggestion that when wages are reduced workers spend almost as much as before regardless of the future, and thus speed up the whole system? Why should employers faced with a large demand for their products not increase prices instead of offering such high wages for extra labor as to cut into their profit margins? Even Mr. Dahlberg's use of the war period as an example of the productive operation of the capitalist system under conditions of labor scarcity can be challenged because of the many other peculiarities of the time and the real doubt as to whether production was in fact as large as before.

Although Mr. Dahlberg's plan is impracticable, the economic maladjustments he discusses, the vast expenditure on advertising, the evidently excessive equipment of many industries, and the tendency of improvements in methods of production to decrease, at least in the first instance, the incomes of those who furnish the main market for increased output, are problems of practical politics concerning which economists have little that is helpful to offer. But at least they realize that the solution is not as simple as Mr. Dahlberg believes.

Graustark, New Style

UNICORN. By MARGUERITE STEEN. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

RURITANIA and Graustark have changed since the war. They are menaced by the blight of Bolshevism as their chroniclers are by the blight of the new sophistication. But bravely they continue to do their bit for the summer fiction list. Rheingoldstein is one of those independent principalities, unknown to the map, and so useful to the romancers of twenty years ago as a setting for nefarious intrigues, idyllic love scenes, and sabre duels on staircases. Quite in the old, light-hearted tradition, the ruler of Rheingoldstein, the Archduchess Margarethe, is ousted from her throne when a girl (the agent used to be a wicked uncle, now it's the wicked Socialists) wanders in penetrable incognito about Europe, and returns to her native land, where a counter revolution is brewing, accompanied by an English artist husband. But Margarethe is not one of those ethereal and bewilderingly lovely ladies that Howard Chandler Christy delighted to illustrate. She's a good deal of a slut and something of a hussy, half Bavarian peasant, half royal anachronism. Her freedom from the prejudices of bourgeois morality more than counterbalances her ignorance, and makes her quite equal to the struggle of the modern world. And the world through which she moves, the world of Parisian art studios, of decaying noble refugees and puzzled revolutionists, contains more fools or knaves than heroes.

There is material here for a first rate picaresque novel and one gets the impression that Miss Steen is not incapable of something of the sort. She knows at least the surface of her Italy, her Paris, her Bavaria; her character sketches are firmly realized and pointed with satire; her style is amusing and when it avoids a facile slickness, honestly competent. But from the application of these promising talents to this hopeful material results only mild entertainment. The story seems to lack direction—focus. Depth one does not demand in a tale of this sort (indeed one would suggest that the economics and social psychology of Rheingoldstein be left to duller but better informed writers), but some definiteness of outlook is essential to any work of the imagination. Miss Steen's attitude towards the characters and situations she creates wavers and varies. She tries hard to be brittle and sprightly, tough-minded and sophisticated, but several unguarded passages suggest that her sympathies are not so far from the romanticism of the older chroniclers of Ruritania as she would like to have us believe. "Unicorn," in consequence, is not quite satire, not quite romance, not quite realism. It is readable throughout, it has passages that are altogether charming, it gives glimpses of a more than ordinary talent. But its failure to sustain a definite tone is likely to leave most readers vaguely disappointed.

A First Novel

EASTWARD DRIFT. By EDWARD PERCY. New York: H. C. Kinsey & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE hackneyed phrase "A first novel of unusual promise" is doubly applicable to "Eastward Drift," for it is a first novel which appears to promise unusual merits, and also unusual defects. Its great virtues are its fertility and its narrative interest. In place of the single thread of the development of an adolescent that is to be found in so many and such thin books, this gives us a number of stories, skilfully interwoven. The book is given its start by the decision of Samuel Daysing, a rugged old London merchant of the Forsyte type, to retire completely from his world—as he puts it, "to die." Retaining only a competence for himself, he goes to live alone in a cottage in the country, dividing his fortune among his sons as if he were making his will. He is not in the least reconciled to letting go, or to dying either, but he feels that he cannot hold the reins much longer, and he would rather make a clean break than hang on meekly. By his retirement, his sons are set free to live as they please, though they are grown men, and scarcely even young men, for the first time in their lives. One of them takes to writing, seriously, instead of half-surreptitious scribbling, and later marries an actress; one is married already, to an ambitious woman who urges him to speculation; the third, a blond, bearded giant, has never developed beyond the mentality of a child, but he, too, falls in love, with a girl off the streets, and enjoys an exquisite but perilously poised happiness. It is the stories of the brothers that make up the bulk of the book, which also returns to their hardy old father in the end.

It will be seen that Mr. Percy is far more generous with his narrative than most authors, and he possesses the enormous virtue of telling a tale that holds the interest. But he has also the defects of his lavishness, in a serious want of self-criticism, and a general tendency toward melodrama. He is overfond of underscoring effects that might have been left to take care of themselves, and he takes very little care of probability. His characters are strongly drawn, but sometimes so much so as to want plausibility; and though he has succeeded well in integrating the strands of his story in important matters, in incidents he is so little given to preparation that when it is necessary that his playwright shall see his wife speaking under her breath in the mirror, and shall know what she is saying, he casually throws in the statement that the man had once been deaf for several months and had learned lip-reading; which is, of course, so abrupt as to startle the reader out of his illusions at once.

Nevertheless, since these faults are chiefly the result of the author's luxuriance of imagination, we may hope that his later work will fulfil the promise of its qualities, and belie that of its defects.

Young Love

WILD METAL. By CHARLES GILSON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1932. $2.50.

THIS is meant to be a study of the development of the two sides of sexual love in a young man, the ideal and the physical, and their long-continued inability to be fused. The hero, born in 1888, in the days of good Queen Victoria, learns in childhood to classify women as nymphs (who have legs) and Mrs. Noahs (who, like the Queen of Spain, have none), and he early finds that all respectable females are Mrs. Noahs. From his earliest childhood he feels a strong affection for a girl of his own age, who returns it; as he grows older it deepens into romantic love; the only obstacle in the course of true love is that he is utterly incapable of conceiving her as an object of physical desire. This problem is the heart of the book, and, though I should think that for generations later than that of 1888 it is negligibly rare, still it is a perfectly sound starting-point for a book. But the success of the book must depend on our really understanding its hero, and that we never do. There is a mass of detail about his childhood and school days, but we are never told anything of artificial influences which must have caused his unnatural state of mind; and the author's treatment of adolescence is so over-nice that we are tempted to wonder if his hero was capable of sexual passion at all.

In manner, the book reads like an unsuccessful imitation of the earlier works of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson. There are the rather sentimentalized hero, the resolutely whimsical humor in the chapter-headings and in the minor characters, and the same philosophic cockneys who reconcile the hero to the common lot of man. Indeed, the chief distinction that the hero has, as against the protagonists of numerous studies of schoolboy Sir Galahads, is that in the course of his literary aspirations he writes "sonnets in the meter of the 'Faerie Queene,'" which must be a unique accomplishment.

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Points of View

O'Neill on Freudianism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Apropos of John Corbin's essay on "O'Neill and Æschylus" in your issue of April 30, the following extracts from a letter by O'Neill himself concerning his use of Freudian and other psychoanalytical material might prove interesting to your readers. The letter, dated from Saint-Antoine du Rocher on October 13, 1929, was very kindly sent by Mr. O'Neill in response to the request of Miss Martha Carolyn Sparrow, a graduate student of mine who was writing a thesis on O'Neill's use of modern psychology, especially psychoanalysis, in his plays.

"There is no conscious use of psychoanalytical material in any of my plays. All of them could easily be written by a dramatist who had never heard of the Freudian theory and was simply guided by an intuitive psychological insight into human beings and their life-impulsions that is as old as Greek drama. It is true that I am enough of a student of modern psychology to be fairly familiar with the Freudian implications inherent in the actions of some of my characters while I was portraying them; but this was always an afterthought and never consciously was I for a moment influenced to shape my material along the lines of any psychological theory. It was my dramatic instinct and my own personal experience with human life that alone guided me.

"I most certainly *did not* get my idea of Nina's compulsion from a dream mentioned by Freud in 'A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.' I have only read two books of Freud's, 'Totem and Taboo' and '——— and the Pleasure Principle.' The book that interested me the most of all those of the Freudian school is Jung's 'Psychology of the Unconscious' which I read many years ago. If I have been influenced unconsciously it must have been by this book more than any other psychological work. But the 'unconscious' influence stuff strikes me as always extremely suspicious! It is so darned easy to prove! I would say that what has influenced my plays the most is my knowledge of the drama of all time—particularly Greek tragedy—and not any books on psychology.

"I am familiar with Behavioristic theory, too, and if one were to go digging for it in my plays, I'm sure a lot of conclusive examples of its influence could be detected—particularly, I imagine, from those plays that were written before I'd ever heard of Behaviorism! I was writing plays a long time before I knew anything of psychoanalysis! In your last letter I believe you spoke of 'The Emperor Jones.' That certainly was!"

But in spite of Mr. O'Neill's denials and his extremely generous furnishing of information about his reading and his personal reactions to it, Miss Sparrow, like Mr. Corbin, was unable to escape the conclusion, after a careful study of the plays, that there was a strong smack of the textbook in many of them. Even "The Emperor Jones," contrary to Mr. O'Neill's recollections, in its first printed version contained one or two phrases which showed his interest in the new "mental doctoring," although these phrases were removed in later editions. " 'Unconscious' influence stuff," perhaps! But where would a dozen or two of O'Neill's own characters be if he had ruled unconscious influence out of their motivation and actions? Difficult as it may be to prove in scholarship, it is a very simple and useful tool in writing drama, as well as fiction and poetry, today.

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.
Northwestern University.

Ernest Henry Griset

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am anxious to acquire information relating to Ernest Henry Griset, an artist-illustrator born in Boulogne, France, 1844; illustrated for an English magazine called *Fun*, 1865-66, *Punch*, 1867-68, and various other English and American magazines including *Harper's Weekly* (N. Y.), 1873-74; also illustrated children's books up to about 1890. He died in 1907, in London.

It is thought that he spent some time in the United States, and I am particularly anxious to verify this fact if possible, with details of the time he was here and the city he lived in, the people he knew, as well as the work he did here.

If any of your readers knew Griset, or knew anything about him, I would very much appreciate their sending the information to me at 15 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y.

JANE QUINBY.

Irving and the Tonquin

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your issue of April 30th contains a review of a novel by Gilbert W. Gabriel. Your reviewer says, "Much research went into 'I, James Lewis.' " A very large proportion of this research must have consisted simply in the reading of Washington Irving's "Astoria," chapters 1 to 11, and chapter 56. The first hundred pages of this history of John Jacob Astor's fur trading venture tell the story of the cruise of the *Tonquin* from New York to the Pacific Northwest, and the novel uses the same incidents, names, and personal characteristics of the men on the expedition. Even the descriptions of Hawaiian festivities and Chinook folkways which form so colorful a part of the novel are merely an elaboration of Irving's notes.

This source of the novel was discussed in a radio book review broadcast from the local station, KVOR, by my husband and me. No other of the several reviews I have seen has mentioned "Astoria."

JULIA J. LIPSEY.
Colorado Springs.

James and His Secret

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The elder Henry James, that brilliant Apostle to the Gentiles whom no biographer of his sons has sampled without praising, devoted his life to the vigorous and vivacious exposition of a highly individual Swedenborgianism. Vigorous and vivacious it was, but scarcely lucid. After repeated readings, one is still left in doubt upon really fundamental points of doctrine. It is in consequence not to be wondered at that the Eminent Victorians who were, on both sides of the water, his intimates, felt the greatest of affection and admiration for Mr. James without having the slightest notion (or, what is perhaps worse, with surely erroneous notions) of his philosophy.

The point of view thus common to the illuminating of Concord, Cambridge, and Chelsea comes to such trenchant expression in a celebrated *mot* attributed to Howells that I have been to some pains to track down the *mot*. In 1869, James published his "Secret of Swedenborg," and Howells, who was brought up in Swedenborgianism, was said to have remarked that James *kept the secret*. (Cf. E. E. Emerson, "Early Years of the Saturday Club" [1918], 325).

I fancied that the *mot*, or something like it, might be found in Howells's review of the "Secret" for the *Atlantic* (Dec., 1869; CXLI, 762-3), but discovered nothing of the sort. Howells gives a quite incompetent and naive summary of the book, and then proceeds to pay the customary tribute to James's style and to wince a little, Bostonwise, at the secularity and jocularity of tone in which the most portentously metaphysical and theological of topics are treated. But not a word as to the difficulty of understanding book and author. Howells indeed fears that few will agree with Mr. James, but he does not say (what other reviewers were willing to confess) that few will understand it.

The elusive *mot* came to light unexpectedly in the "Letters" of Charles Eliot Norton (II, 379). Norton is writing of Howells in June 1907, and he says, "One quick bit of wit is worth preserving. I was speaking to him of Dr. [William] James's new book ("Pragmatism"), and said that it was brilliant but not clear. "Like his father," said Mr. Howells, "who wrote the 'Secret of Swedenborg' and kept it. . . ."

The title of James's book seems to have been suggested by the title of Stirling's "Secret of Hegel" (London, 1865), which James criticized at length and with good-natured ferocity for the *North American Review* (Jan. 1866; CII, 264-75).

Oddly enough, James opens his review with the observation, "Hegel is reported to have said, on his deathbed, that 'he left behind him but one man who understood him: *and he didn't.*' " Quite as oddly, Stirling's book, like James's, abounded rather more with heat than with light. J. H. Muirhead, in his "How Hegel Came to England" (*Mind*, N. S.; XXXVI, 423-47), asserts that " 'The Secret of Hegel' showed an entire absence of method, with the result, as . . . James Seth says, that it was 'almost as difficult as the original which it is intended to illuminate,' or, as it was wittily put at the time, that 'if Mr. Hutchinson Stirling knew the secret of Hegel he had managed to keep it to himself.' "

The close parallelism would suggest that Howells was merely echoing and applying to James what had earlier been said of Stirling. I haven't the slightest doubt, however, that the *mot* is at least as old as the Greeks, and fancy that some man of the world appropriated the neat turn to some erudite and ingenious exposition of Parmenides or Plotinus, much to the amusement of the company.

AUSTIN WARREN.
Boston, Mass.

Edmund Spenser

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In his work, "Books and Bidders," Doctor A. S. W. Rosenbach states that he owns a copy of "Faerie Queene," inscribed by Edmund Spenser in 1591 for one Elizabeth Boyle.

My thought is that "Edmund Spenser" was a pen-name of Edward DeVere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford; so the issue is joined.

For fun, and for charity, I am willing to submit my evidence to judges selected by you and the Doctor; along with my check for one hundred dollars, to make it worth while in a small way.

If I win you may dispose of the Doctor's loss any way you like.

I await the Doctor's acceptance.

GEORGE FRISBEE.
San Francisco, Calif.

"Hunger and Love"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

This letter has a bit of history to relate, a small amount of theorizing to put forth —then perhaps one or two questions and an expression of hope.

Early in 1931, almost a year ago, one of our most prominent publishers placed on the market a book—to be explicit, a novel —and simultaneously, short of actual withdrawal, did what he could to insure the speedy and ignominious death of his offering. No pre-publication notice reached the booksellers. The book, to the best of my knowledge, was never mentioned in the publisher's not inconsiderable advertising. Its price, for a one-volume novel, was very nearly prohibitive. Its physical makeup was so cheap and perishable that, after a search of a number of large bookstores, I was unable to obtain an undamaged copy. Last but not least, its external appearance was almost ludicrous, hardly in keeping with its contents.

Naturally, lacking any support whatever from the publisher, the booksellers, on the whole, made no effort to interest the public in the book. The majority did not carry it in stock. One of the large department stores keeps a few copies on hand, but under the counter—never on display. The reviewers, in their presentation of the book, were extremely cautious: perhaps I should say tactful. Very few allowed themselves to be convicted: they hedged. (I am glad to say that the *Saturday Review* proved an exception to this statement. Your review was excellent, your criticism sound and thoroughly fair. I'd even like to quote from your final paragraph: "This is, with all its errors, an amazing piece of work . . . and one well worth reading.")

The book is "Hunger and Love," by Lionel Britton.

What I want to know is why, to all appearances, this work was deliberately suppressed by its own publisher. If he didn't want it sold, why did he publish it? Publishing it, why did he fail to support it? It sounds ilke a true enigma.

Schopenhauer has told us, "Do not read, think!" Ernest Dimnet translates this to, "Never read, always study." In other words, read books that will cause your thought processes to act; read to think. This is sound advice to one who takes his reading seriously—and shouldn't we all? It is particularly adaptable to me in the case of "Hunger and Love" which, I might admit, I consider a great book. I defy anyone to read carefully any ten consecutive pages of this book without being overwhelmed with new, vital, intensely interesting, thought-producing thoughts. I will go farther and say that I believe no other single work, not excluding the proverbial Bible and Shakespeare, is in this day more conducive to the production of thought. Why? That's easy! Because it's about you and me; more than that: it IS you and I. No one could read it intelligently and not live it. Everyone has lived it all his life, whether he's read it or not. But reading it helps. Makes you think. Gives you some perspective.

The book has been accused of being socialist propaganda. Nonsense! No socialist would accept it as such. Mr. Britton, for all his fiery denunciation of the structure of present-day society, has no sermon to preach. He's merely saying what he thinks: "You're welcome to your opinion; here's mine." That he writes his thoughts with impressive vitality, that they are infectious, that they make us wonder if he can't be right, is not propaganda. It's philosophy, in its purest form. The average reader thinks of a book of philosophy as something very dull; informative, perhaps, if you can dig through it, but very, very dull. Let him read a little of "Hunger and Love." He'll find a philosophy clearly expounded (and well worth consideration) that will thrill him with the force of a dynamic personality not afraid of saying what it thinks. And he'll not resent the bits of psychology, physiology, astronomy, sociology, and metaphysics that Mr. Britton includes. I don't say he'll agree with the author in a single particular. But he will be able and more inclined to think things out for himself as a result of his reading. And what more can one ask of a mere novel?

I do not know what has become of "Hunger and Love" in England where it was first published. Let us hope it has been given at least an even chance to survive. But there is still hope for it in America: just recently the rights to its publication in this country have been sold to another, and, I hope, more appreciative, publisher. To its new sponsor I hereby make a plea for its life. It is his duty to see that news of its existence is spread.

T. ARTHUR HUMASON.

Books for Prisoners

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

There are over two hundred political prisoners in the jails of this country under indictment or sentence for their activities and affiliations with the labo movement. Their terms range from on year to life. Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, the six Centralia men, the Scottsboro boys, and the Harlan Kentucky miners are numbered among them. An idea of the charges against some of them may be had from the fact that three of those charged with "criminal syndicalism" in Kentucky are local ministers sympathetic with the miners. One was arrested for quoting from the Bible the story of Moses leading the children of Israel out of bondage

Many of these prisoners have repeatedly written, asking for books and magazines to read to combat the deadly monotony of prison life. The Committee for Books for Political Prisoners has just been organized to take care of their requests and collect and forward books to these men.

Many of your readers have books which they no longer want. Here is an opportunity to put them to good use. If you discover such volumes or magazines in your spring house-cleaning, please send them to the Committee. Books of a serious character on politics, economics, and philosophy are wanted as well as books for entertainment.

Address your packages to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. George Novack, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Arrangements can be made to call for packages in New York City.

THE COMMITTEE FOR BOOKS FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS
GEORGE NOVACK, *Chairman*,
FLORENCE BOWERS,
CLIFTON FADIMAN,
SAMUEL MIDDLEBROOK,
ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Lafayette Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am preparing to publish the complete correspondence of General Lafayette. May I ask the use of your journal in order to appeal to owners of Lafayette materials among your readers? No matter how slight their collections, if they will address me at the University of Chicago, I shall be profoundly grateful.

LOUIS GOTTSCHALK.
University of Chicago.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ARTIST AND POET

THE second volume of the Collected Edition of *Poems of Sturge Moore* is now on my table, the first volume having already been reviewed in this department. Macmillan & Company, London, have made dignified volumes of this edition, the dust-cover design being, it would seem, by Mr. Moore himself, who is a not inconsiderable graphic artist as well as a poet. It was he who furnished the cover design for at least one volume of the poems of W. B. Yeats. In volume one I praised particularly some of the poems in "The Little School," and remarked upon this poet's excursions into blank verse drama and the chronicle play. The body of his work is impressive. He has been inspired by classical legend and painting. The distinguished English painters, Shannon and Ricketts, are his friends, as is that too-little celebrated English poet, Gordon Bottomley. A good many Biblical characters are celebrated in the volume before me, and Sturge Moore seems particularly fond of the story of David and Jonathan. His style, which has a peculiarity of its own, is not one to attract the average reader. Rather is he a poet's poet, though not in the sense that he is *precieuse*. His inspiration may be illustrated by this verse from a poem that he declares "adapted from the cover of this book," that is, the jacket-design. The vertical part of that design represents the "incense-breathing tree," with the symbolic phœnix rising from its nest of flame in the miraculous branches:

O rare Arabian tree,
Tethered to thee
The inspired unicorn
From sun-down sleeps till morn;
Him none can ride but she
Who owns the diamond's
Limpidity.
He with his chisel horn
To pride's outrage responds,
Chips names of one-time kings
From ruined tombs, and puts
All pyramids to scorn,
And then the steep world foots
Shod as with wings.

Despite the undeniable symbolic poetry of those lines, the difficulties they present to the average reader must be apparent. A long poem on "Judas," following next upon this invocation, is dedicated to an old friend of mine, A. Hugh Fisher, etcher and poet. It is packed with detail, the work of ripe scholarship, even vividly pictorial at times, yet for the most part it demands as strict and undivided attention as the longer poems of Browning, an attention few, unfortunately, will have patience enough to give it in this hurried time. I say "unfortunately," because there are passages in it of most remarkable writing. The following excerpt may illustrate this. Judas is lying in a trance of torment beyond the walls of the city:

A smoky lanthorn swings
Close to his face. The foot of him who holds it
Prods at his back.
They stared at one another.
The man, whose face was heavy as wet wool,
Said "What's the matter?" Judas answered "Nothing!"
The other shrugged his shoulders, and moved off
With loud but unexpressive clog-shod feet.
Judas sat up to watch his swaying lanthorn
Carry its orange eye into the moonlight,
That softened the stars and citied hills with sheen,
Down and across the bridge; then turning left
Make for Ge Hinnom's vale, where refuse burned
Beneath the aqueduct, and on the silver smoke
The fires impinged bright red: and thence his gaze
Strayed northward over city and Temple, varied
More than a dream, so stable, so complete.
Yet he thought "Fool, to let the fellow go
And never ask a bite!" and thereon basins
Assaulted his mind; such had he never seen;
They over-brimmed with sauces on which rocked
Bright-colored gobbets of he knew not what,
But so inviting both to tooth and tongue,
Or smooth to swallow, that his vitals crawled:
And suddenly he must lean and vomit bile,
Retching with cruel unrelievèd throes
Until he thought his ghost would part from him.

In that strange poem, "The Gazelles," which contains much beauty but would have greatly benefited by more compression, there is a queer mingling of pedestrian versification and glamour of description. Indeed, Sturge Moore's handling of rhyme and metre seems to me often clumsy. It is his artist's vision, the warmth of his color, his narrative gift which lure us on through certain tracts of dulness. His faculty for organization, granted in the first place—and freely granted—his sensitive appreciation of the best in legend and literature, is often defective. And he allows himself most of the poetic license that this age has come to regard as antiquated lumber. Sturge Moore will rank, I think, as one of the minor poets of his time, one worth delving in for occasional rarely fine things, but a poet too much of the study and studio to strike out any unique contribution to literature.

TWO ANTHOLOGIES

Disliking as I do specialized anthologies covering narrow fields of interest, I encountered *The Garden Book of Verse*, by William Griffith and Mrs. John Walton Paris (Morrow & Company) not without qualms. Mr. Griffith is well-known as a poet and the President of the Poetry Society of America for the years 1929-31, and Mrs. Paris is the Founder of the Federated State Garden Club Movement in America, a rather strange pair of collaborators. However, owing, I am sure, chiefly to Mr. Griffith's poetic perspicacity, the choices in the book are better than one had expected. William Cullen Bryant's "The Death of the Flowers" is rather obviously one of the first, but Lizette Reese, Amy Lowell, Dorothy Parker, and Elizabeth Coatsworth among modern poets serve to offset Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Richard Burton and Robert Loveman; and Shakespeare, Herrick, Herbert, Milton, Marvell, and Blake bring great verse to bear on the subject out of the past. Shelley's "The Sensitive Plant" and "Epipsychidion" are drawn upon, Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" is here, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne are discriminatingly represented, and there are also such excellent things as Robert Bridges's "I have Loved Flowers that Fade," Alice Meynell's "The Thrush before Dawn," Fiona MacLeod's exquisite and rare "The Garden Vision," excerpts from Francis Thompson, Sir William Watson's "April, April," and Ralph Hodgson's Eve." In fact, there is surprisingly little in the book that is not notable, and a variety and scope to it that satisfies.

Lyra Mystica, edited by Charles Carroll Albertson with an Introduction by Dean Inge, is published by Macmillan. It is, as the title shows, an anthology of mystical verse. Of the several definitions of mysticism to which the gloomy Dean refers in his introduction to the book, we too prefer, "the splendid saying of Isaac Penington, one of the early Quakers."

> Every truth is a shadow, except the last. But every truth is substance in its own place, though it be but a shadow in another place. And the shadow is a true shadow, as the substance is a true substance. (This emphasizes that Mysticism is a *guest*, a progressive initiation into the divine mysteries. At each stage, we say, like the Indian sage, of what we are leaving behind us, "Neti, Neti"; "Not this—this is not good enough to be true." Yet what we are rejecting was not worthless; it was "substance in its own place.")

There are first-rate poems in this collection, from Francis Thompson's "The Kingdom of God" to Elinor Wylie's "This Corruptible." One of the finest of the short mystical pieces included is from a Scottish nineteenth century poem, "The City of Dream," by Robert Buchanan. The excerpt runs as follows, and reflects great credit on the astuteness of the anthologist.

The Woof that I weave not
Thou wearest and weavest,
The Thought I conceive not
Thou darkly conceivest;
The wind and the rain,
The night and the morrow,
The rapture of pain
Fading slowly to sorrow,
The dream and the deed,
The calm and the storm,
The flower and the seed,
Are thy Thought and thy Form.
I die, yet depart not,
I am bound, yet soar free,
Thou art and thou art not,
And ever shalt be!

While I feel the collection to be rather too large and that there is a lack of discrimination in some of the selections, there are enough first-rate inclusions, their authorship extending back into the remote mists of time, to give the book a more than average value.

The Italian Theatre

THE ITALIAN THEATRE, Vol. I, Vol. II. By JOSEPH SPENCER KENNARD. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1932. $12.

Reviewed by WINIFRED SMITH

MR. KENNARD'S beautifully printed and richly illustrated history of the Italian Theatre will be useful to all those students of comparative literature, of the stage, and of Italian history who cannot read fluently Latin and Italian. It is based on a long continued and sympathetic study of the chief primary and secondary Italian authorities, and brings up to date its author's earlier volumes on Goldoni and the Venice of his times, and on the Italian Theatre.

Without opening up many new problems or publishing much that is fresh, this work for the first time in English brings together the chief facts known about the early religious plays in the peninsula, the moralities, the *farse*, the academic written comedies and tragedies, the acting companies in the 16th and 17th centuries, the great revival of play writing and production in the 18th century, and something of the contemporary scene. All this literary and theatrical material is related to the historical development of Italian society with some attempt to connect life and art but without much skill or liveliness in painting the large canvas. The writing is heavy throughout. The "gentle reader" is more than once addressed. Truisms abound, as, (I. 79) in a paragraph on the humanistic theatre of the *quattrocento:* "It is, indeed, the mirror which truly presents to our eyes the very life of the age—for, whether by intention or otherwise, every play reveals the author's own mental and spiritual evolution as it developed under the influence of his age and environment" . . . . and, again, speaking of medieval universities, "Between those free and nomadic colonies of scholars, there is nothing in common; and it is this fact that renders interesting the study of those students." Such a labored style reveals a certain lack of individuality in the author's approach to his subject, a perhaps over-conscientious clinging to a now rather outworn academic method, and, especially, a limitation in his imaginative realization of the past.

Perhaps it is some temperamental failure of this sort that accounts for Mr. Kennard's slight treatment of the *commedia dell' arte*, the most famous and individual creation of Italian dramatic genius; perhaps he is merely bored by the emphasis which many recent students have laid on that most lively form of art; perhaps he is only trying to redress the balance by putting special stress on more respectable branches of the drama. The results, however, of his study of the academic and literary plays of Italy justify the general neglect that has befallen them and show that the *commedia dell' arte* was by all odds the most entertaining creation of the Italian theatre and that it has been responsible for all that is most alive in that theatre.

In discussing the term "literary" in a recent *Week-end Review*, "Stet" has the following to say of Kipling:

> The most preposterous denial in our time is that whereby Mr. Rudyard Kipling is misrepresented as, if not himself one of Walt Whitman's "powerful, uneducated persons," at least their perfect spokesman. Mark Pattison said that an appreciation of Milton was the reward of culture: for true appreciation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling as a writer, not merely as a force or a man with a message, it is necessary to be steeped in literature —as he is. Not for nothing was he the nephew of Burne-Jones, not for nothing was he free in early boyhood of the library of a headmaster who had been the associate of the second group of Pre-Raphaelites. In his period of greatest susceptibility he was introduced to or came upon books not then conceded their due fame, and it was not a powerful, uneducated writer who so long before puny, educated writers was parodying a then unpopular Omar and drawing for motto and for title on James Thomson.

William Harlan HALE

is just twenty-one

Two years ago he was editor of Yale's *Harkness Hoot* when his extraordinary articles were well worth reading and attracted wide praise. Mr. Hale's first book, just published, has moved critics to welcome him to the ranks of "men you will hear from." He has made the direct, vigorous approach of youth to the problems of literature and life. Opposed to the despair of Krutch, Russell, and Spengler, his is a vital, Goethe-inspired manifesto that defeats post-war disillusion. It is the mature expression of a gifted mind, and seems to mark the coming of age of a new generation.

CHALLENGE TO DEFEAT

"A tonic for this bewildered hour."—HORACE GREGORY, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

"One is sure, judging from the tone and vigorous style of the writing, that Mr. Hale will both understand and make a place for himself in whatever world is over the horizon."—N. Y. TIMES

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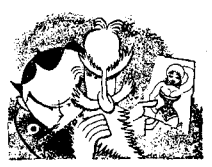

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE CITY JUNGLE. By FELIX SALTEN. New York. Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.

Salten's "Bambi" had singular charm compounded of a subtle irony playing beneath sentiment, and much of the charm and more of the sentiment is to be found in "The City Jungle." It is a story of a Zoo, and more specifically a study of animal nature, in which, as in the old fables, the lioness who loses her cubs, the mad fox rushing at his bars and freedom, the gossip mouse, and the little boy chimpanzee are all given those human traits which their behavior suggests. The theme is cruelty, the cruelty of man who tries to make beasts comfortable amidst the great unhappiness which comes from the loss of freedom. The episodes are touching, the description excellent, the tragedy less convincing. For there is a kind of anthropomorphism in Salten's book which makes the reader just skeptical enough to dull the edge of his pity as he reads. The youth who gets himself trampled to death by the elephant as a propitiatory sacrifice is not credible, the tamed wolf separated from his mistress, the lioness always dreading the hour when the cubs will not come back, are all a little too poignant for their animal natures. It is a better book for children than for adults. And yet, Salten is a skilful and impressive writer. You read his book with an interest that persists through sentimentality and the improbable, but in remembering one praises episodes and not the whole.

THE SORREL STALLION. By *David Grew*. Scribners. $2.50.

KING'S CREW. By *Frank R. Adams*. $2.

BLACK ECHO. By *Donald Grey*. Pegasus.

GOD LOVES A DUMBBELL. By *Daria Gray*. Pegasus. $2.

EVERYTHING GOES. By *Charles Grayson*. Macaulay. $2.

SUMMER HOTEL. By *P. J. Wolfson*. Vanguard. $2.

HELL ROARIN' TEXAS TRAIL. By *Robert Denver*. Macaulay. $2.

AGE OF CONSENT. By *Clem Yore*. Macaulay. $2.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. By *Samuel Butler*. Jacket Library. 15 cents.

THE LITTLE TIGRESS. By *Wallace Smith*. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $2.50.

TWENTY BEST SHORT STORIES IN RAY LONG'S TWENTY YEARS AS AN EDITOR. Long & Smith. $3.

LOVE LIGHTLY. By *Margaret Sangster*. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $2.

THE SNATCH RACKET. By *Edward Dean Sullivan*. Vanguard. $2.

HERE COMES A SAILOR. By *Commander Robert Bachmann*. Badger.

Juvenile

DOWN GOOSE CREEK. By WILLIAM SEEMAN. Revell Co. 1932. $2.50.

This is a ten-year-old boy's own account of a leisurely trip down Goose Creek in a canoe, with pleasant adventures *en route*, including a night lost in a swamp. Goose Creek is a North Carolina stream and hence the canoeists who launch near the foothills find themselves later in the low country with its cypresses, its trailing moss, and its sub-tropical animals, birds, and vegetation. The story is simply and effectively told, with a good deal of fresh, first-hand information, and, as one would expect, a lot about good campers' foods. There are pictures, too. This is an honest book, a real chronicle, and to be recommended.

THE FLAME. St. Catherine of Siena. By JEANETTE EATON. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

This is the second in the series of biographies for girls of which the first one covered the lives of Madame Roland and Jeanne d'Arc. It has the characteristics of its popular predecessors. Catherine of Siena was one of the most attractive of the saints, and she loses none of her charm in Miss Eaton's hands. Written in the modern fictional style of biography, without any religious axe to grind, the book traces the unlettered Italian girl's amazing rise to power and influence in a colorful and sympathetic manner.

Juvenile

CHICKEN TOWN. By GRACE GAWTHORPE. Illustrated by EDNA POTTER. Stokes. 1931. $1.

Quite a long story all about the Roosters and News of Farmer Hodge's Chicken Yard with illustrations in brown and red for children four and seven years.

THE TWIN LAMBS. By HELEN FULLER ORTON. Illustrated by MARJORIE FLACK. Stokes. 1931. $1.25.

A country story of two lambs adopted by two children. Suitable for children four to six years, or to seven-year-olds as a supplementary school reader as the type is large and the words easy.

Science

LIFE: OUTLINES OF GENERAL BIOLOGY. By SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON and PATRICK GEDDES. Harpers. 1931. 2 vols. $15.00.

Progress in the biological sciences has been so rapid and, in many cases, so profound during the present century that it may well appear to the layman as revolutionary rather than evolutionary. So it is good to pause and envisage the field through the eyes of two veteran biologists who have been sympathetic collaborators in zoölogy and botany for nearly half a century — Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen, and Dr. Patrick Geddes, late Professor of Botany at St. Andrews and Professor of Sociology and Civics at Bombay. Their new contribution is an endeavor to combine Professor Thomson's genius for putting biological problems in a form at once accurate, interesting, and intelligible to the layman, recalling one facet of the versatile Huxley, with Professor Geddes's breadth of view which extends from botany to civics—the amalgam to be an outline of general biology: Life.

The two large and crowded volumes on Life have, the authors tell us, four main endeavors. In the first place they aim to give an outline survey of biology in all its essential inquiries into the nature, continuance, and evolution of living beings. Next they plan to illustrate in considerable detail the relations between biology and the other sciences—to chemistry and physics on the one hand, to psychology and sociology on the other. And this is to lead naturally and perhaps inevitably to the time-honored, if time-worn, mechanistic and vitalistic doctrines, where the "mechanistic advances, and even formulations" of biochemistry and biophysics are utilized "for all they are worth, and that is much," yet also show the need of complementing these "by no less due utilization of psychologic and neovitalistic viewpoints and doctrines."

Such a stupendous task as the authors have set themselves might well deter all but the most bold. To grant that they have fully succeeded would be to admit the impossible. It is indeed conceding much to say that they have brought together a wealth of material, gleaned from many sources, that is worth amassing between four covers, though without supplying an Ariadne thread to lead the reader through the maze. But perhaps herein the authors show their artistry. After all, the play's the thing—and so they allow individual organisms, including man, to melt in a general picture of the "biodrama." At least it is refreshing to wander desultorily along with these savants as they unfold their view of nature from the fulness of experience.

Travel

LITTLE MEXICO. By WILLIAM SPRATLING. Cape-Ballou. 1932. $3.50.

There are no cumbersome explanations in Mr. Spratling's book. He seems to write direct from his home in Taxco, where nobody thinks it picturesque that Mexico should be Mexican—nobody but the turistas who stand before the Borda church, watches in hand, and battle bitterly over the problem of starting back for the Ritz at two or at two-thirty. Yet without being insistently introductory he has packed this hour's reading with authentic scenes and persons, as with beguiling sketches. (Not that anyone is capable of drawing Mexican legs.)

"The enduring good humor which is God's gift to the Hot Country" pervades the excursion and may exasperate the uninitiate, who often confuse it with sentimentality. Others will be refreshed by accompanying Mr. Spratling down the great Balsas and into the Indian privacy of the country beyond the Sierra of Temptation—the still secret regions of Guerrero, where a man from Mexico City is as much a foreigner as one from London, where the Dance of the Tiger is solemnly held and the radio is also heard, where they rent idols and coffins and lend saints. Here are the "little" Mexicans—the real ones. During all of our contemplative, idle sojourn with the artist in Taxco we met only two disappointments, the vagueness of the description of the results of smoking marihuana and the reappearance of that bewhiskered yarn about a cantina named Memories of the Future. The book is dressed in very taking fashion.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

We are glad to learn that a statement made in this column a little while ago that Desmond MacCarthy's excellent *Life and Letters* had been suspended is not correct. It is being continued as a quarterly and a recent number contains a brilliant study of Lytton Strachey by the editor. * * * An interesting group of scholarly books is published this week. From the Johns Hopkins Press ($2) comes Roberta F. Brinkley's *Arthurian Legends in the Seventeenth Century*, in which she shows that the Arthurian literature at that period was written as history rather than as romance and intended in many instances to bolster up the claims of Tudors to the English throne through their presumptive descent from Arthur. * * * The Oxford University Press publishes *What Is Beauty?* by E. F. Carritt ($2), a first introduction to the subject and to modern theories. This is a simple statement of the foundation of esthetics by the author of *The Theory of Beauty*. Mr. Carritt, by and large, is a Crocean. * * * The Medieval Academy of America, Cambridge, Mass., adds to its series of publications, *Feudal Monarchy: The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem*, 1100-1291 ($4.50), a series of chapters dealing with the constitutional development of the Latin kingdom, its administrative machinery, and its political relationships. Particularly interesting is the account of the superimposing of Western feudal methods upon an Oriental base of local law, and the difference between the loose French method of organization in the Near East and the tight and successful Norman organization of Sicily and England. * * * G. C. Brooke of the British Museum is the author of a scholarly and comprehensive study of *English Coins: From the Seventh Century to the Present Day*, published by the Dial Press ($7.50), with a very beautiful series of plates illustrating important coins from the earliest debased copies of Roman coins up to the end of the nineteenth century. * * * Readers awake to the new and the excellent will remember Paul Eipper's *Animals Looking At You* with the intimate, humorous, and very interesting accounts of animals in captivity, and extraordinary photographs. *In My Zoo* (Viking. $2.50) is a sequel with stories of a wider range of animals and even more extraordinary pictures, more alive and often more human than any other photographs of animals which we have ever seen. A book to be very highly recommended to the many who like books of this kind.* * * Boomtime Scandal and Brokerage Gossip might be the subtitle of *Confessions of a Former Customer's Man: Being the Inside Story of How Wall Street Separates the Sucker and His Money* (Vanguard Press. $2), by David L. Salmon as told to Dr. Edwin F. Bowers. It is a rather distressing story of financial parasites and of specutive victims, but more particularly a highly scandalous account of the way in which the public was separated from its money in the jazz years. * * * From a different world is Charles Alexander Robinson Jr.'s scholarly attempt to establish the itinerary of Alexander's epochal Indian expedition by checking in elaborate tables the agreements and disagreements of the existing narratives in the attempt to discover their sources. It is a neat example of history arrived at by deduction. The book is entitled *The Ephermerides of Alexander's Expedition* (Brown University).

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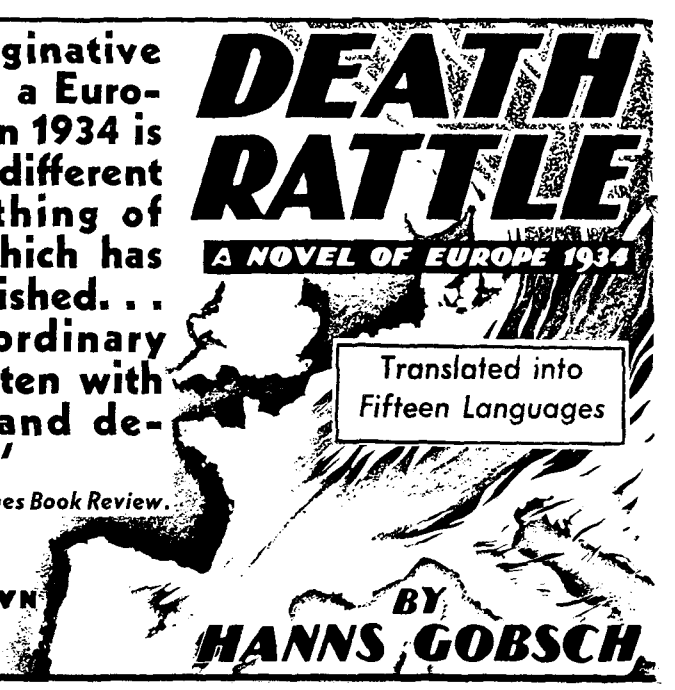

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

C. B. S., Philadelphia, and W. T., Melrose, Mass., ask for selections of new books for summer reading, non-fiction preferred, by groups of women. The following list was made by a reading-club in Reading, Pa.; its books have been circulating just long enough to show that the selection was highly satisfactory and not too long to qualify as new books. I did help in the choice, but when I visited the club not long since I asked Mrs. Mark Dey Weed to let me have the completed list to give to other clubs: "Expression in America," by Ludwig Lewisohn (Harper), a sound and stimulating survey of American literature; "Pigs in Clover," by Frances Newbold Hart (Doubleday, Doran), an eating-guide across France by a popular novelist, for those who have travelled or wish to; "Adventures of a Novelist," by Gertrude Atherton (Boni), an autobiography far more valuable than most of her novels and quite as entertaining; "The Unseen Assassins," by Norman Angell (Harper); "The United States in World Affairs," by Walter Lippmann (Harper), a book to be owned; "The Germans," by George Shuster (Dial), a present-day survey, impartial and profitable; "Arabia Felix," by Bertram Thomas (Scribner), bound to become recognized as one of the great travel books; "The Story of My Life," by Clarence Darrow (Scribner), a fine human document; "Once a Grand Duke," by Alexander of Russia (Farrar & Rinehart), and "Russia, My Home," by Emma C. Ponafidine (Bobbs-Merrill), reminiscences of the old régime; "On Being Alive," by Dr. W. R. Bowie (Scribner), inspirational; "Mexico," by Stuart Chase (Macmillan), I know it's last year's, but someone may have missed it; "My Father, Mark Twain," by Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch (Harper), same for this; "Only Yesterday," by Frederick Lewis [illegible]en (Harper), not to be left out under [illegible] circumstances; "A Bachelor's Lon[illegible]," by Fred Whyte, I haven't read this [illegible], but I'm going to; "Living My Life," by Emma Goldman (Knopf), another human document packed with humanity; "Samaritans of Molokai," by Charles Dutton (Dodd, Mead); "Nonsuch," by William Beebe (Brewer, Warren & Putnam); "Life of Emerson," by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton)—I've lately gone on record about these: "Souvenirs," by Georgette Leblanc (Dutton), curiously honest record of a love affair that wore out; "These Restless Heads," by Branch Cabell (McBride), for Cabellians; James Truslow Adams's "Epic of America" (Houghton Mifflin), to keep, and Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution," translated by [illegible]ax Eastman (Boni), to keep up.

These undignified notes are mine; the list, it will be seen, shows strength along lines indicating individual preferences. A book list like that is more likely to satisfy a fairly large group of "general readers" than one deliberately constructed to please everybody. I am thereby reminded of something lately said to me by one of those concerned in arranging a transatlantic flight: after explaining average speeds and temperatures and the like, he added, "you must bear in mind that the average never happens." True enough in books, too. As an abstraction it has its uses; the average may buy books, but the average doesn't read.

W. J. M., Fresno, Cal., is a deputy sheriff on the Identification Bureau of Fresno County, and a member of the International Association of Identification, the organization created by the finger-print experts of the United States.

"SOME two years ago in this city," he says, "there was organized among the members of the I. A. I. a side order called 'The International Footprinters Association,' for purposes of good fellowship, good entertainment, etc. . . . I am seeking information upon footprints. If you know anything that has been written about footprints or feet, whether prose, poetry, songs, or portions of any stories, I would be greatly obliged if you would tell me where to get the information. I am of course familiar with the story of Crusoe and his discovery of footprints on the island; this illustrates somewhat the idea I have tried to convey." The deputy sheriff hints that there is no objection to its being funny; that being indeed the spirit of the Footprinters' rules.

The Lady Patronesses of the association should of course include Nicolete, the "sweet friend" of Aucassin, Trilby, Bertha Broadfoot ("Berthe au grand pied" in Villon's "Ballade des-dames du Temps Jadis") and Cinderella. For honorary members besides Man Friday I suggest H. W. Longfellow (for advice given in the "Psalm of Life"), The Pobble Who has no Toes, and Gelett Burgess, author of

My feet, they haul me Round the House
They Hoist me up the Stairs;
I only have to steer them, and
They Ride me Everywheres.

I recommend this to the club as an official anthem.

If there be room for other ladies, I nominate Herrick's Julia whose little feet like snails did creep a little out and then as if they played at bo-peep did soon draw in agen, and the Bride in Sucklings "Ballad of a Wedding," and Shakespeare's Cressida, whose "foot spoke." This being a society for the encouragement of footprints, it should exclude all those hypothetical ladies who walked on various vegetables without marking them; this one might expect of a goddess, as in Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," but Ben Jonson's mere lady in "The Sad Shepherd" did not "bend a blade of grass or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk," and e'en the light harebell raised its head elastic from her airy tread of another of them. There is a poem called "Footsteps," by Hazel Hall in the "Home Book of Modern Verse" (Holt), and in Gray's Elegy "little footsteps lightly print the ground."

There are so many detective stories in which footprints figure that I can't begin to name them; one of these, Kay Strahan's "Footprints" (Doubleday, Doran) won a prize offered by this house for the best detective story of its year; its title is peculiarly striking because though there was snow on the ground there weren't any, and that was just it. "Footsteps in the Night," by C. Fraser Simpson (Dutton), is a fine shivery one; "Footsteps on the Stairs," by Zenith Brown (Doubleday, Doran) is good too, and in "The Case Book of Dr. Thorndyke" (Dodd, Mead), Austin Freeman's omnibus of short stories, there is a splendid short story called "The Case of the White Footprints." If animal prints are permitted, Algernon Blackwood's "The Wendigo" in a gorgeous short story of this name, left astonishing tracks in the snow of the North Woods; they came further and further apart and then stopped short, apparently taking off into the air and giving the reader the creeps. For that matter, the detective story may be said to have begun with footprints, for was it not by tracing a camel over the sands that the first fictional sleuth made his reputation?

If I remember crime literature aright, the sheriff may call upon all good citizens to help him in the pursuit of his career; I trust that the readers of this department will not fail the Bureau of Identification in this emergency.

M. L. Y., Cooperstown, N. Y., asks for a few authoritative books on post-classical Italy, preferably of recent authorship, interesting surveys of cultural development rather than highly technical works. He wishes a general history for background study, one on papal history, volumes on Italian life, literature, and art and a few outstanding travel books, not guides. This is to extend a large collection of material on Roman history and open a new field for further reading. Keeping, as desired, to recent publications, a list of books on post-classical Italy would include an unusual proportion of standard works, even books likely to become classics. The new edition of Jakob Burckhardt's "Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy" (Harper) is translated by S. G. C. Middlemoore from the fifteenth German edition, and there are a great many fine pictures; the original work has been a stand-by in Germany for years and still is so. Elie Faure's "The Italian Renaissance" (Boni), by the author of the monumental "History of Art" (Harper), grows out of a special conviction and is vibrant with ideas and inspiration; it includes architecture, painting, and sculpture, and so does the Fairfield's "The Italian Renaissance in Art" (Macmillan), a stimulating guide to appreciation, well and freely illustrated; indeed, all these books are. Lacy Collison-Morley's "Italy After the Renaissance" (Holt) is a study of decadence and display in the seventeenth century, the baroque period; it is especially useful to travelers. Benedetto Croce's "History of Italy" (Oxford University Press) goes from the establishment of political unity to Italy's entrance into the World War, an intense and intimate study of a vital period.

Another book for which the word monumental is not unfitting is the "History of Italian Literature" of Francesco de Sanctis (Harcourt, Brace), published in Italy in 1870 and only now translated into English (by Joan Redfern) with an introduction by Croce calling it "an intimate history of the Italian people." It is in two volumes; the student of present-day fiction may continue it with Domenico Vittorini's "The Modern Italian Novel" (University of Pennsylvania Press) which seems to leave out nobody. I do wish I could slip in Helen Waddell's "The Wandering Scholar" (Houghton Mifflin) somewhere; these tenth-century songsters got their learning through Italy for the most part and though the book belongs rather to France and centers more particularly at Chartres, I cannot let so rewarding a book escape the eye of this inquirer. I would like to show it to anyone who thinks that scholarship must be dull or that Latin is dead; these unsanctioned poems pulse life-blood, whether in English in the text or in the originals neatly gathered at the back.

The only complete and continuous history of the stage and its writers in Italy from earliest times to the present is "The Italian Theatre," by Joseph Spencer Kennard, to whose "Goldoni and the Venice of his Time" (Macmillan) I owe whatever I know on that subject. "The Italian Theatre" is published by Rudge in two fine volumes with many prints, the first going to the close of the seventeenth century, the second to our days. The last word on the *commedia dell' arte* is said by Paul Duchartre's "Italian Comedy" (Day), a studious, comprehensive work with sumptuous pictures.

Fernand Hayward's "History of the Popes" (Dutton) is a reliable work of reference in which brief biographical summaries of the lives of all the popes are gathered into one volume of not unwieldy size; it was translated from the French by English monks. Of the travel books, the one fitting best into this scheme of reading was written in the sixteenth century, though it was not discovered until nearly two hundred years later. This is the "Diary of Montaigne's Journey to Italy in 1580 and 1581," translated with introduction and notes by E. J. Trechmann (Harcourt, Brace). For some reason, I was never sure just what, this is one of my favorite travel books; perhaps because it takes one with the writer through a world that has ceased—in great measure—to be, perhaps because Montaigne was painfully ill for a good part of the time, traveling indeed largely in search of health, and does he let that down him in the least? He does not. Another unusual travel book, of the present day but full of relics and reminders of antiquity, is "Some Italian Scenes and Festivals," by Thomas Ashby (Dutton), in which one is made to share in survivals of ancient and medieval customs. "Stories of Italy," by Caesar Formilli (Macmillan), is by a famous authority on Italian art; his noble volume is a tribute and an inspiration, and his own water-colors illustrate it. I was waiting for John Gibbons's "Afoot in Italy" (Dutton) to see whether his earlier book, "Tramping through Ireland" (Dutton), was but a happy accident, and it is quite as good as the first: he is one of the very few Englishmen who have produced a thoroughly understanding travel book of Ireland—possibly his being a Catholic has something to do with this and with the quality of his book about Italy.

I confidently believe that this list will meet the approval of *T. W. Huntington, Anacapri, Italy*, bee-keeper and bibliographer, who knows about everything that ever was written about Italy, and will tell you if you ask him.

L. E. S., Cincinnati, O., asks for the address of the Book Collector's Quarterly published by "some First Editions Club in England," and for names of other magazines on book-collecting. The Book Collector's Quarterly, a beautiful compact little volume full of ideas, costing three shillings a copy, is edited by Desmond Flower and A. J. Symons and published at the new premises of the First Editions Club, 6 Little Russell street, London W. C. The current number has a picture of these premises, for it celebrates the tenth anniversary of this distinguished club, now in process of changing its name. Balloting is going on for one of four variants, but the change when made will not be drastic. *The Colophon*, 239 West 43rd Street, N. Y., is the most beautiful American publication for collectors or for lovers of fine printing, of which it is itself a shining example. *The American Book-Collector*, edited monthly by C. F. Heartman and H. B. Weiss at Metuchen, N. J., is an "up-to-date controversial magazine for collectors." Other American magazines are *Book Collecting*, San Francisco; *The Book Collector's Packet*, Meriden, Conn.; *Collecting for Profit*, Los Angeles; all these are monthlies.

H. J. B., South Norfolk, Conn., asks if there is a magazine devoted to listing prize contests of all kinds.

There are at least two. *Contest Magazine*, a "how-to-win guide for contest fans," is published monthly, Alaska Building, Seattle, Wash. *"Contest News* is a monthly published at Toledo, Ohio. The first looks like a magazine, the second like a newspaper; each costs twenty-five cents a number, and they have a system of combining subscriptions so that between them the list of cash prizes open to contestants appears quite amazing. Around contests of this sort a special literature gathers: for instance, I knew that "Hartrampf's Vocabularies" was highly recommended as "best for those who work with words," but somehow I never thought of emphasizing it as "especially valuable to contestants": yet this is precisely what these papers do.

If meanwhile someone desires to work up speed in cryptograms, there is an exciting set of short story thrillers in "Yardleygrams" (Bobbs-Merrill) by H. O. Yardley, author of the "American Black Chamber," depending on the solution of cryptic messages, all very mysterious and a pencil attached. I did not try to solve them; I dare not cultivate the taste; enough of my energy is now diverted to English crossword puzzles, these being far more complicated than our own, and depending for solution upon a type of low cunning perfectly useless for any other purpose. To forestall inquiries, I can't do Torquemada's. This well-named expert invents crosswords for the *Observer* never solved by anyone you know, though there are people who say—with bated breath—that they once met a man who did a Torquemada. Kipling is said to do the one in the *Telegraph* every morning before breakfast with a fountain pen.

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Vital Statistics

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT. Compiled by MARY HOUSTON WARREN. New York: R. R. Bowker Company. 1932. $20.

THE thirty-seventh volume of this invaluable manual, subtitled "A Record of Books, Manuscripts, and Autographs Sold in the Principal Auction Rooms of the United States during the Season 1930-1931" (that is, between June 1, 1930, and June 1, 1931), is more than one hundred pages bulkier than its immediate predecessor. The explanation involves no particular mystery. There were more auction sales—seventy-seven as against sixty-five in 1929-30—and there were more books. Of the quality of material offered (to venture a generality which must be immediately hedged about with exceptions) not so much can be said. As Miss Warren summarizes the situation in her preface:

> Inferior copies of rare editions seem to have come upon the market more frequently than heretofore, and at low prices, of course. This may indicate that there was a demand for the book, whatever its condition, as well as the fact that there are no available copies in better condition, or that better copies are being held back for times of freer expenditure. The fact which stands out is that desirable copies which were presented for sale held their own, and it would appear that even inferior copies of the same works are increasingly in demand.

The season embraced in this statistical summary was explicably lacking in offerings of such magnitude and impressiveness as the Kern, McCutcheon, Wakeman, and Quinn collections. By way of compensation, it witnessed the dispersal of considerable properties that had never before passed through the market. A notable example was the group of Hawthorne memorabilia, "the property of a descendant of Hawthorne," which was sold at the American Anderson Galleries April 29, 1930. Here was a surpassing letter from Melville to Mrs. Hawthorne explaining the allegorical character of "Moby-Dick," an enthusiastic note of appreciation of "The Scarlet Letter" from Holmes to Hawthorne, books from Hawthorne's library, and a group of some sixty letters from Elizabeth Palmer Peabody to her sister Sophia, Hawthorne's wife. Next year's "Book-Prices Current" will list another collection of virgin Hawthorniana of comparable significance—the property of Miss Rebecca D. Manning, dispersed last November, embracing, among other material, what was probably the earliest letter of Hawthorne's extant, notable presentation copies of his books, and characteristic juvenilia.

The season of 1930-31 was notable for the abundance of rare works of American literature offered and for the establishment of many new high prices in this department of collecting activity. Some of the rarities, indeed, appeared in such profusion that the term rarity assumes the character of a misnomer. There were, for example, no fewer than twenty-one copies of "Huckleberry Finn," but it should be added at once that most of them presented striking evidence of the fact that anterior to the recognition of their first-edition status they had been severely boyhandled. Only four copies of the first issue of "Tom Sawyer" reached the market, the two finest of which brought respectively $1,950 and $1,900—a fair index of collecting stability.

The rediscovery of many heretofore little trumpeted American rarities makes the present edition of the annual of additional value. Its scope has been automatically broadened by the high degree of diversification that has of recent years become one of the most encouraging phenomena in the field of rare books—encouraging to bookseller and collector alike.

J. T. W.

Dr. Paget Toynbee, last of the great British Dantists, died recently in England. Dr. Toynbee was a brother of Arnold Toynbee, pioneer of the social settlement movement in England. His works on a variety of subjects relating to Dante run to more than a score. He also edited or wrote several books about Horace Walpole.

Dr. Toynbee's works include his "Historical French Grammar," a revision of Brachet; "Critical Text of the Divina Commedia," "Life of Dante," and "Dante in English Literature from Chaucer to Cary." He contributed articles to several memorial volumes on Dante.

He was a gold medallist of the British Academy. Oxford made him a Doctor of Literature, Edinburgh a Doctor of Laws. He was an Honorary Fellow of Balliol.

Foreign Literature

Shavian Thought

THE POSITION OF BERNARD SHAW IN CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY AND DRAMA. By MARTIN ELLEHAUGE. Copenhagen: Levin & Munksgaard. 1931.

Reviewed by WINIFRED SMITH

BERNARD SHAW is by way of becoming a wreath-hung monument in his lifetime. An addition to this year's numerous books by and about him contributes a large stone to the monument and an important one. Martin Ellehauge's new study, relating Shaw to the thought and dramatic art of his age, is a thoroughly documented, clearly written, though somewhat repetitious, study of Shavian philosophy, neither unsympathetic nor flattering, the result of which is to prove, what many of us have long suspected, that Shaw's writing is an extraordinarily varied and brilliant summary of the major ideas and social movements of his time. His youthful enthusiasms for Henry George, Samuel Butler, Marx, Ibsen, and Wagner, were followed by the reading of Lamarck, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Bergson, much of whose thought he digested into his own formulation of creative evolution, "the religion of the future," the central point in the philosophy of his later years. His supermen, Ellehauge states, owe more to Wagner's Siegfried than to Nietzsche; his superwomen carry their fight farther than Ibsen's Mrs. Alving and Rebecca West; his social criticism is more realistic and less dogmatic than that of Henry George and Marx; in short, whatever he borrows from his predecessors he makes his own and betters the model.

In all of this detailed tracing of parallels and influences Ellehauge does little more than witness by chapter and verse the truth of Shaw's own words:

> I have often referred to [certain continental writers] to remind my readers that what they call my eccentricities and paradoxes are part of the common European stock.

Yet the Shavian theories, no mere echoes, "combine theoretical radicalism with practical conventionality, making propaganda for rational and nationalistic reforms, . . . never in practice advancing much beyond the standards authorized by the majority."

Such apparent compromises between the prophetic ideal and the customs of common folk seem blameworthy to many, who, like Ellehauge and Frank Harris, forget that Shaw has remained throughout his active life what he became in his enthusiastic young manhood, a fairly consistent Fabian Socialist. The program of the Fabian Society defined its policy as one not merely of watchful waiting for opportunities to reform existent social wrongs and of acting constitutionally to remedy them when such opportunities occurred, but stressed even more strongly the need for long, patient education of the masses in every possible way. The Society proposed, instead of Marxian class war and revolution, a slower and more democratic progress toward social justice, and it is as an instrument of this progress that Shaw, until the war, saw himself. The silliness of Frank Harris's accusing Shaw of lifelong charlatanry for the sake of notoriety and of money, is perfectly apparent to anyone who knows the history of the Fabian movement and of Shaw's long apprentice years of anonymous writing for it, of social and economic study, and of debates and street speaking, nothing of which brought him money or fame but all of which taught him much that he later put to use. In especial these apprentice years showed him the necessity, in peaceful political and social reform, of opportunist methods, which can win a foot here and a yard there of enemy territory without loss of blood.

The failure to take full account of the Fabian phase of Shaw's life makes for incompleteness in Ellehauge's thoughtful study. One other failure—not of knowledge but of sympathy—should also be mentioned, his lack of understanding of the full meaning of the Great War in Shaw's experience, especially in his social and religious philosophy. "Heartbreak House," with its extraordinary broken pattern, is there to prove to any observant reader how the war shocked the Fabian Socialist out of his former dogmas; he was obliged, in order to save some remnants of his ideas, to throw away a good many of his early theories, among others the determination of his first plays and his belief that constitutional reform is possible for creatures such as we, "crawling between heaven and earth." This change of view is of course responsible for his looking to Russia today as the most hopeful model for human society, and for his espousing the full Marxian program with such strength as his old age allows. He is still, in spite of years, what Ashley Dukes recently called him, "the youngest of us all," in his passion of indignation aga the stupidities and cruelties of capit society and in his insistence on the pc bilities of a better order for our worl like St. Joan, we will use our imaginations to suggest visions of the future, and, like Russia, will wake our minds and our wills to realize them.

Arnold Bennett was in the middle of writing a novel at the time of his death. It is a story connected with the theatre, and the fragment is published by Doubleday, Doran in one book together with a shorter story, "Venus Rising from the Sea," which is the last complete story Bennett wrote. The unfinished novel is entitled "Dream of Destiny." It does not come up to Bennett's best work in fiction.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

SOME little time ago *L. W. Eshelman* wrote us that *Cyril Hume's* short story, "Forrester," has been his favorite short story since its first appearance some two years ago in *The Yale Review*. He considers it worth considerably more than many contemporary novels. The story, of course, appears in Mr. Hume's latest volume, "Myself and the Young Bowman" (Doubleday, Doran). Hume has recently buried himself in Connecticut, at Kent to be exact, where he has completed a new novel. We have always greatly admired one of Hume's novels, not so much the well-known "Wife of the Centaur," though there is some great stuff in that, but rather "Cruel Fellowship," a book we shall always remember. Also a couple of Hume's short stories in his book of short stories, "Street of the Malcontents," are great favorites of ours. In the last few years Hume has rather dropped out of sight, with so many novels constantly pouring from the presses, but we believe he will come back with his new book, which we suppose will appear in the Fall. Incidentally he is one of the few modern novelists and one of the few of the lately younger generation that we know to cherish a high regard for the poetical works of the late *William Morris*. . . .

We had meant to comment ere this on the recent death of *Harold Munro*, whose Poetry Bookshop in England first published the Georgian anthologies in the days when such dazzling young poets as *Rupert Brooke, Robert Graves, Robert Nichols, Rafe Hodgson,* and *Siegfried Sassoon* were mounting stars. The Poetry Bookshop's broadsides, many of them decorated by the late *Lovat Fraser,* were joys forever in their day. The last time we saw Munro was in London. His bookshop was a great place in which to browse, and almost all the most notable poets in England at one time or another spoke there or read from their works. He did a splendid service for poetry in England, and his own poetry had great individuality. He is a distinct loss from the literary scene. . . .

We've been pleased by a cartoon of *Edgar Wallace* which recently appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* under the caption "Edgar Wallace in Heaven," and reprint it below:

"I am afraid, Mr. Wallace," says St. Peter, "that you won't be able to go on with your writing here."

"That doesn't matter. I'll be able to do what I've never had time for yet—read my own books." (*Simplicissimus*)

Recently in a first printing of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* corrected in later copies, two illustrations were transposed so that a picture of *Radclyffe Hall* appeared as a portrait of *Franz Grillparzer,* and *vice versa.* Anent this phenomenon, which must have astonished certain subscribers, *Elise R. Noyes* sends us the following verse in the manner of our own "Scrambled Celebrities," recently printed:

AFTER A MATCH

If I were Franz Grillparzer
And you were Radclyffe Hall,
The "Sat. Review" would mix us
And in wrong galleys fix us,
And Messrs. Bates and Morley
Would not be pleased at all;
If I were Franz Grillparzer
And you were Radclyffe Hall.

M. V. N. Storer, for the Walt Whitman Foundation, contributes the subjoined:

The Walt Whitman Foundation is having a picnic this year to celebrate Walt's 113th Anniversary, on Tuesday May 31st, in the afternoon, on the shores of Timber Creek. The old Stafford place, where he summered, will be open to the public, through the courtesy of its present occupants, Mr. and Mrs. *Reiley.* We hope very much that Mr. *John R. Rowand,* the eighty-three-year-old charcoal-burner from Clemerton, N. J., who once saw Whitman plain, all beneath the big hickory tree, and talked with him, will be on hand to tell of his reminiscences. Everybody is supposed to bring his or her own picnic supper, and a robe to sit on. Coffee and ice cream will be on sale at the Crystal Spring Inn hard by the creek. There will be no formal program, but perhaps some readings aloud from "Leaves." Laurel Springs, which is the township where Timber Creek is situate, lies ten miles out of Camden, on the White Horse Pike, and can be reached by train, trolley, or bus. We think this type of celebration, especially in these times, would suit Walt's fancy, and hope Whitman lovers and readers will be moved to come.

Alec Miller, the English sculptor, from Chipping Camden, in Gloucestershire, is to lecture in these United States under the auspices of The Institute of International Education, 2 West 45th Street, this city. In England he has lectured at Oxford, Cambridge, King's College, London; and in the United States at the Metropolitan, Cleveland, Rochester, and other museums. The purpose of his lectures is to stimulate interest in the art of sculpture, especially in its relation to the interpretation of history, and as a record of the social life which produced it. He will be available for lectures from November first until the middle of December, and will receive an honorarium of seventy-five dollars for one lecture, or fifty dollars when two or more lectures are given in the same institution on consecutive days. . . .

Will Cuppy who has recently told us how to tell our friends from the apes, is back at his country villa at Jones's Beach, and is occupied in digging said villa out of the sand with the help of two coast-guards. The name of his country house is "Tottering on the Brink," and in it he will start work on his next book. . . .

Compton Mackenzie, whose next novel, "Our Street" will be published by Doubleday, Doran on the sixth of July, has recently completed a play about *Sir Walter Scott.* Arrangements are under way for a production of it at the Edinburgh Theatre early next season. . . .

We thank *George Richmond Walker* for sending us a long poem called "Psycho-Analysis Explained," and regret that we have not the space to print it. But one stanza, pessimistic as it is, we may perhaps quote here:

Man is a vile and libidinous creature,
He's indeed polymorphous perverse,
All full of erotic incestual urges,
Psychoses, neuroses, and worse!

The cheery outlook of a modern day! . . .

The Southworth Press of Portland, Maine, is planning to publish in the fall of 1932, "Early American Children's Books," with an introduction by the famous rare book dealer *Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach,* and a special foreword by the famous bibliofiend, *A. Edward Newton.* The book will contain illustrations of about one hundred full-size title-pages and descriptions of about eight hundred of these little volumes. Among them is one of the most famous of all juveniles, "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes. In either England: Drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments for their Souls' Nourishment. But it may be of like use to any children." Printed at Boston, 1684—and some title! . . .

Ann Watkins has announced the resignation of *Carol Hill,* formerly Vice-President of Ann Watkins, Inc. Carol will form the new firm of *Hill & Peters,* with offices at 24 West 40th Street and 4 and 5 Adam Street, Adelphi, London. Mrs. Watkins will shortly announce the appointment of a new Vice-President. . . .

We thank *Shy and Anonymous* for an interesting communication flattering to ourself. He desires more cross-examination of balderdash and more firmness and assertiveness. Being an undergraduate he —or she, it may be—is "at an age when firmness and assertiveness seem the only means of accomplishing catharsis." Well, it is natural that youth should be both—it would be a poor world if youth were not. The trouble is, as one grows older, that too many aspects of any given subject occur to one. These dull the edge of opinion. However, we intend to try to say what we think, at times. That's about all we can promise. . . .

Aldous Huxley's young son, Matthew, who is ten years old, has proudly exhibited his first picture at an exhibition at Mr. *K. Doubleday's* studio at St. John's Wood. The picture represents a boy's idea of spring which, in this case, means fishing.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.
From a bust by JO DAVIDSON.

A competition in book illustration is announced by the Limited Editions Club, open to all artists, anywhere, and offering a prize of $2,500. The deadline is January 15, 1933. All correspondence, and all material, should be addressed to *Mr. George Macy,* The Limited Editions Club, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . .

In "Fantastic City," *Amelia Ransome Neville's* gay book of San Francisco reminiscences, to be published June first by Houghton Mifflin, the sea-going saloons and restaurants are described. They were old ships left high and dry when the mud flats were filled in; and later, as the city grew, built into the streets where they lay. Mrs. Neville recalls a characteristic sign hung from the prow of one of these cafés: "Coffee and doughnuts, $1.00; a square meal, $1.50; a regular gorge, $2.50." . . .

Bias III informs us by postal that "The Fat and the Brave," by *F. Moxly,* published by Liveright, is "A. 1," and *Groff Conklin* on another postal sings the praises of *Bridget Dryden's* "Whither I Must?" saying,

> It knocked me out of my seat. I expected nothing but a sales line from looking into it—and lo and behold! I found an exquisite, subtle, and really fine experiment in what I call "inward writing." THE PHŒNICIAN.

We quote from the *Publishers' Weekly* of May 14 the following

Merry Convention and Happy Fiscal Year

By OGDEN NASH

GOOD morning, dear bookseller,
Good morning to you!
It's the end of the month
And the rent's overdue;
And a bright super-salesman
Has sold you a pup,
And the turnover's down
And the overhead's up,
And you've opened the mail
And it's wholly tuberculous
Except for a mess
Of publishers' circulars
And your clever display
Draws a crowd to your windows
Who cluster outside
But refuse to come indo's,
And the book that you'd hoped
Would keep you alive
Is on sale down the block
For one-thirty-five,
And the spiderwebs swing
From the shelves to the floor,
And no one to talk to
But the wolf at the door,
And your fine place of business
(As you laughingly term it)
Would suit to a T
Any practising hermit,
And the telephone rings—
It's a customer! Look!
(1) Haldeman-Julius
Little Blue Book.
And a messenger comes
And he hands you a wire.
Oh Anticipation!
Your spirits mount higher,
And you open it up
At the end of its journeys,
And it says your account's
In the hands of attorneys—
Good morning, dear bookseller,
Good morning to you;
Good morning,
Good morning,
Good morning to you.

Apropos Wurtele Lovell, who died recently, one of the New York papers says: "He was born and educated in Montreal, and in 1875 took up his residence at Rouse's Point, N. Y., where he managed the book publishing business of his father, the late John Lovell, whose company, John Lovell & Co., had its principal offices in Canada.

"In 1878 Mr. Lovell came to this city and entered upon his separate publishing career, soon achieving success. In 1882 he formed the John W. Lovell Company, of which he was president. He founded Lovell's Library, which published millions of copies of works by such authors as Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, and Carlyle in paper covers for ten and twenty cents each. He also published books at much higher prices.

"Mr. Lovell had the distinction of being the first American publisher of Kipling and Barrie. Among other noted authors whose work he published were Mrs. Humphry Ward, Ouida, and H. Rider Haggard. In his heyday he estimated that he was selling 7,000,000 copies of books yearly, most of them in the cheap editions. For some years he published a new book a day, and it was not unusual for him to have more than 4,000 titles on hand."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

RENTING for year, as is, country cottage, six rooms; ideal for writer; low rental. Address A, Saturday Review.

SKILLED printer with small office operated entirely by himself will privately print small booklets, announcements, etc. Absolute secrecy assured. No proofs or samples retained—client gets every copy. Only non-actionable MS. accepted. Address X, care Saturday Review.

CASTLE in the Austrian Alps, long a private residence, will take a few paying guests this summer. Lessons in German may be had from a university teacher. Trout fishing. Rates very reasonable. References desired. Z, c/o Saturday Review.

THREE years ago I brought over from Sardinia two of the smallest and most persuasive donkeys in existence. They were (1) a male entitled "Donkey Hotê," and (2) a female, "Donkey Schön." "Donkey Schön" departed this life. Unable to produce a progeny with one (male) donkey, I am now offering this animal for sale. The buyer will be furnished with papers attesting his noble lineage, his good character, and his dog-like (not dogged) disposition. I might add that he figures in my forthcoming volume, "The Donkey of God." A copy of the volume will be given upon publication to the buyer. I will not only put my signature in the volume, but I will be happy to autograph the donkey. Louis Untermeyer, Elizabethtown, Adirondack Mountains, New York.

FOR rent for the year 1932-1933 home of a writer on the outskirts of New Haven. Large library, two-car garage, ample rooms and baths, fully furnished, garden and terrace, excellent neighborhood, very reasonable terms. Apply to A. B., Saturday Review.

COMPETENT editorial worker, woman with experience, wants part time work on manuscript, proof, or criticism. Address MC, Saturday Review.

WILL readers who feel that certain books of 1931 have been unduly neglected by critics or bookbuyers send titles to writer who is preparing a paper upon the subject. Address J, Saturday Review.

WILL young lady who discussed editorial on sex literature in The Saturday Review on the beach at Venice, California, send her name and address to interested party. Address B, Saturday Review.

I have sent Mr. Alfred Knopf a MS. Is the fine taste which has governed his choices in the past still operative? Please reply without a rejection slip. Q, c/o Saturday Review.

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